Micah Morrison on the Road to Revolt in China

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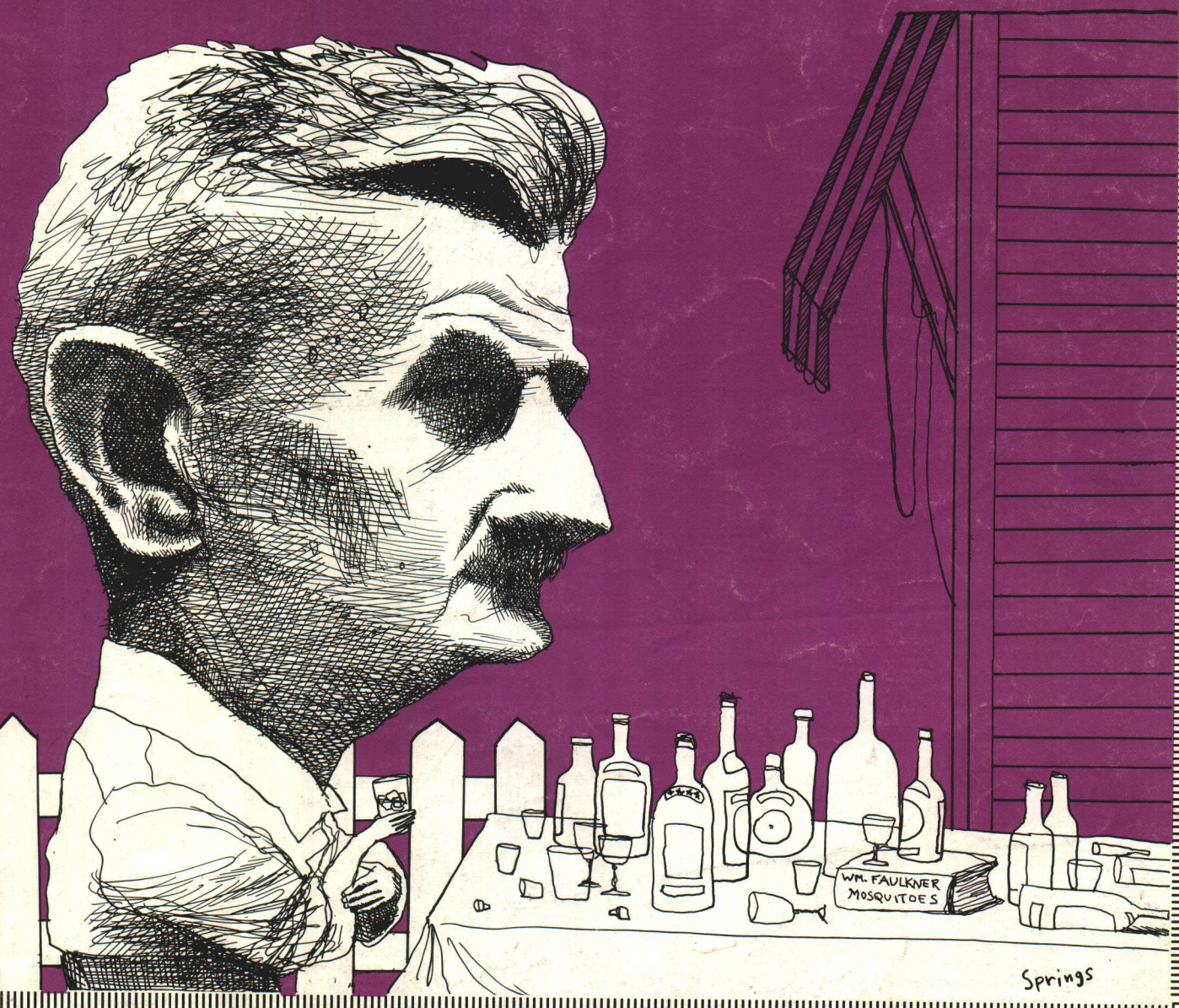
William Faulkner: American Writer, American Drinker



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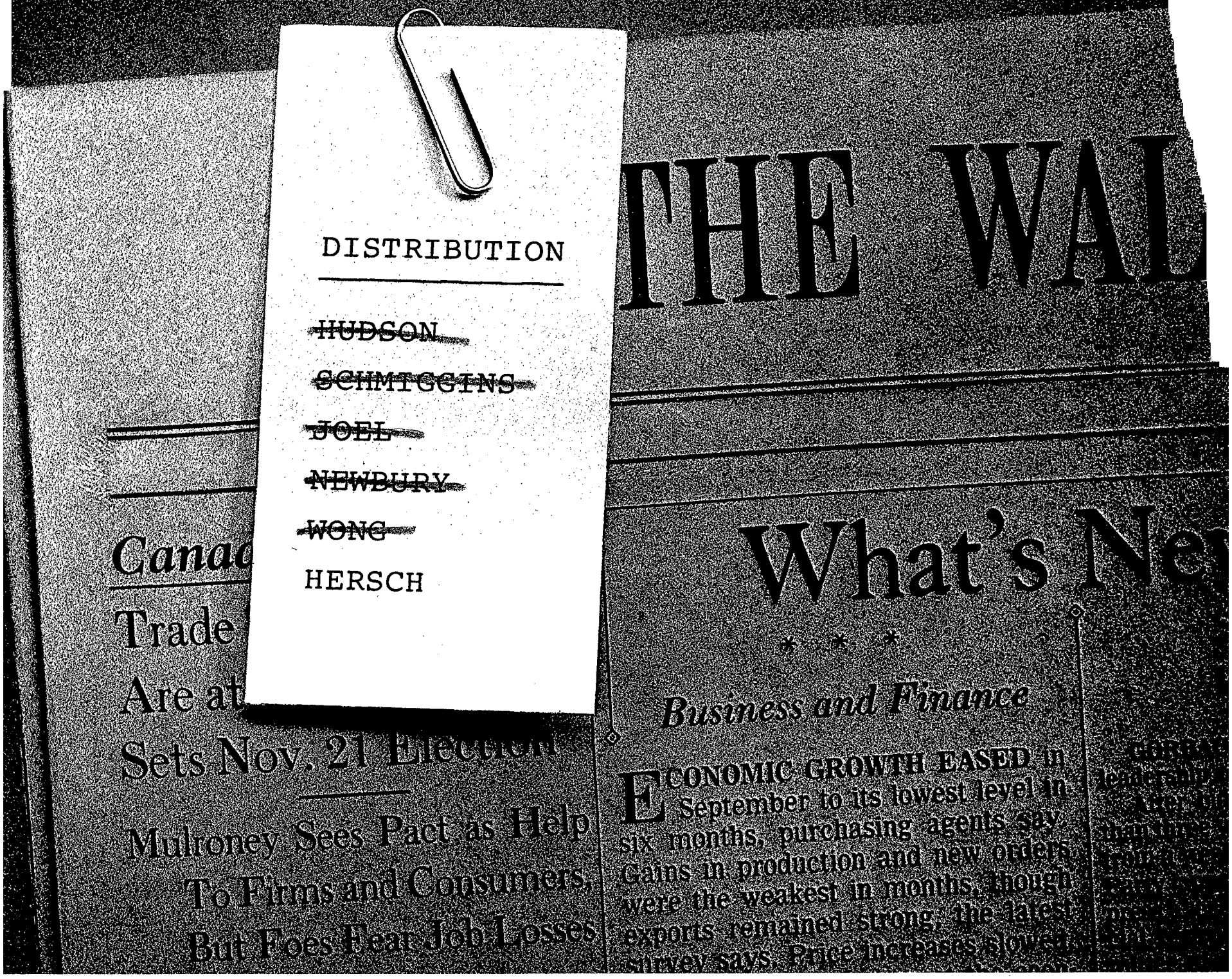

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You deserve to know the facts about...

The "West Bank" and Gaza

Should Israel withdraw from the territories?

The "intifada," the uprising of Arab Palestinians in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza has been going on since December of 1987. It has so far caused over 500 deaths. Many believe that the conflict would end if Israel were to withdraw from the territories, cede them to the Palestinian Arabs, and allow them to create a Palestinian state in them.

What are the facts?

■ The suggestion that Israel should give up the territories and that good things would flow from that is based on two assumptions, namely 1) that the demands of the Palestinian Arabs for independence from Israel are the source of the Arab conflict with Israel; and 2) that Israel's withdrawal from the territories and the creation of a Palestinian state in them would satisfy the aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs, that it would end the hostility of the Arab nations against Israel, and that it would restore peace to the area.

■ Unfortunately, both of these assumptions are not in accord with reality. The desire of the Arab nations to destroy Israel has been unrelenting from the day of the creation of Israel in 1948. It has given rise to five major wars, has caused tens of thousands of casualties, and untold destruction. The PLO, whose covenant—never changed and never amended—unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, was founded in 1964, long before Israel's administration in the territories. Thus, the almost single-minded obsession of the Arabs to destroy Israel, and not Israel's refusal to accede to the creation of a Palestinian state, is the cause of the never-ending conflict in the area.

■ It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the depth of passion on the part of the Arabs for the destruction of Israel. Among reasonable people, most conflicts might eventually be amenable to peaceful and rational solution. But in the Arab-Israel conflict, no such solution is in the cards for the foreseeable future. The reason is that 300 million Arabs consider the very existence of Israel an intolerable offense to their sense of history and destiny. It is not Israel's administration of the "West Bank" that is unacceptable to the Arabs; it is the very existence of Israel. There is no reason to believe that Israel's withdrawal and the establishment of a Palestinian state would appease the Arabs and induce them to make peace with Israel.

■ One can speculate as to what would be likely to happen if Israel—inadvisedly or ultimately bowing to pressure—were to yield the "West Bank" to Arab control. The murderous fratricidal passions that have been played out in Lebanon in the last fifteen years would be repeated in even more violent form. It is an improbable expectation that a state dominated by the murderous PLO would be the first Arab state ever to adhere to anything resembling democratic and human rights principles or that it would be a friend of the United States, and not an eager pawn of the Soviet Union.

■ The Lebanon slaughter would be shifted to the new Palestinian state, with Israel being a much readier target of its fury. A Palestinian Arab state on the "West Bank" would cut through Jerusalem, touch on the suburbs of Tel Aviv, and have a long border, nine to fifteen miles from the sea, with Israel's most thickly populated areas. Palestinian militias, armed, not with gasoline bombs and stones, but with helicopters, missiles, artillery and automatic weapons, would have Israeli pedestrians within rifle range, and Zion Square in Jerusalem and Ben Gurion airport within mortar range.

Few responsible elements in Israel's government and society wish to annex Gaza and the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But also, hardly any responsible elements would consider relinquishing those territories for the creation of a Palestinian state. The Palestinian Arabs enjoy full civil rights and have been offered free elections and full autonomy by Israel, in line with Israel's commitments in the Camp David Accords. Moreover, Israel is ready and has always been ready to discuss the permanent status of the territories with responsible Palestinian representatives three years after the implementation of the autonomy. The situation of Israel and the territories is a bad one—no doubt about it. But the alternative to bad is not necessarily good. In this case, at least at the present time, the alternative would likely be a catastrophe, which, in its consequences, could even put the horrible situation of Lebanon in the shade. Real peace in the area will not come by Israel's yeilding minimum strategic depth to its mortal enemies. It can only come about by the eventual rise of democratic governments in the "front-line" Arab states, governments that would accept Israel's existence and could learn to live in peaceful co-existence with it.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

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Shame! Shame! Shame!

At the end of World War II, some 2,25,000 Soviet citizens found themselves in the Allied zones of occupation in Germany. They were prisoners of war, slave laborers or refugees. Most of them were terrified of returning, but Western governments forced them into "repatriation."

They were rounded up in their camps by US and other allied forces, herded into trucks, often with blows and rifle butts, and driven to USSR-bound rail cars. In many cases whole families preferred suicide.

An estimated 795,000 of those repatriated were executed or died in Soviet slave-labor camps.

This was done in a number of operations, the best known of which bore the name of "Operation Keelhaul."

Operation Keelhaul II is now imminent

Some 170,000 Vietnamese and other South-East Asian "Boat People," refugees from Communism, now languish in camps in various countries in the Pacific region.

These people have risked death to escape to freedom. They are the estimated half that succeeded. The other half drowned.

Close to 60,000 of them are crowded behind barbed wire in camps in Hong Kong. And the British government has decided forcibly to repatriate them. If this ignominy takes place, the 110,000 in other camps will soon follow. (Many countries do not have such camps. They drive the Boat People back into the sea.)

This time

This time there is no fear of angering the Soviets and upsetting the hope of good US-Soviet relations. This time there is no propaganda about the humane and peace-loving Soviet Union welcoming back its lost children. This time there is no legend of the maligned, but wise and kindly Stalin. This time there is no curtain of secrecy, as there was with Operation Keelhaul I.

This time the West has all the facts and no delusions.

And still it yawns in indifference.

Calming one's conscience

Oh yes, there are the usual conscience calmers. Only "economic migrants" will be delivered to the tyrants from whom they escaped.

In the 1930s and early 40s, "economic migrant" was a term used by Communists in the US and Britain for non-Communist Jews who had fled Nazi Germany. "Economic migrant" is now a term by which quota-filling bureaucrats will decide on each victim's future: freedom or slavery (and perhaps death).

It is also true that the United States has a better record than other countries. It has gone on record opposing forcible repatriation – on paper, anyway. It has taken in more Vietnamese refugees than anybody else, mainly after the collapse of South Vietnam. The quota has dwindled yearly and is now down to 50,000 for all refugees from South East Asia.

Indifference is complicity

But on the whole, the US government and the American public have remained indifferent to one of the most abominable policies to be pursued by a Western power since World War II. Hong Kong's governor has a point when he complains that his overcrowded peninsula is made to enforce the immigration policies of other countries, including the U.S.

Make no mistake: This is not just Britain's disgrace. The whole Western world has become an accomplice by its indifference. The magnitude of the crime about to be committed overshadows any shades of difference in culpability.

This ad does not aim to fill you with guilt. It wants to open your eyes to an opportunity.

These people are imbued with the free-enterprise work ethic. They are not like the illegal immigrants who end up on the welfare rolls. With their Asian diligence and entrepreneurial spirit, they will *create* jobs, not take them.

These are people who have proven their worth by risking drowning, rape by pirates, and squalor in refugee camps in order to make it to freedom.

These are people who know totalitarianism first hand, not from apologist academics who deep down admire it. They know the value of freedom. They will make America stronger.

Wanted: A lot more than your money

You can, in one gratifying sweep, do your share of preventing a shameful disgrace, help these people, and make America stronger.

If you want to contribute to humanitarian help, write me and I will send you the addresses of the most effective organizations.

But this is only temporary help; **the way to help both the Boat People and America is to increase the US immigration quota for Asian refugees.** A brief report on the prudence and profit of such a step is now being prepared by Dr Ming Lian Chen of the

Asian Studies Center
Claremont Institute
4650 Aero Highway/#D-6,
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a pro-free enterprise, non-profit institution qualifying for tax-deductible contributions. With enough money they can get the report to every member of Congress and distribute it to opinion molders nationwide. You can help them do just that.

But that is not enough. Reports and memoranda move Congress to action only if there is a sizable constituency behind them. Such a constituency is formed by writing letters to the editor of your local newspaper and electronic media; by organizing lectures, meetings, "media events" and a hundred other ways of influencing people – when will Conservatives learn from the Left how it's done?

As one who defected from Czechoslovakia and would rather commit suicide than let himself be deported for "repatriation," I ask you not to turn the page.

Write a letter to the editor of your local paper **now**, phone your congressman and senator **now**, tell your friends and colleagues about this **now**, and ask them to do the same. Get behind a copier, a fax, into a computer network. Form a group. Watch the activists of the Left how *they* get on radio and TV, and get there yourself.

Spread the word:

Stop this disgrace, and seize the opportunity!

Petr Beckmann
Publisher and editor
Access to Energy
Box 2298, Boulder, CO 80306

Stop Operation Keelhaul II and seize the opportunity!

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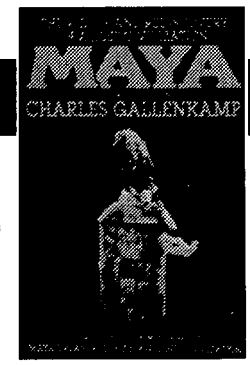

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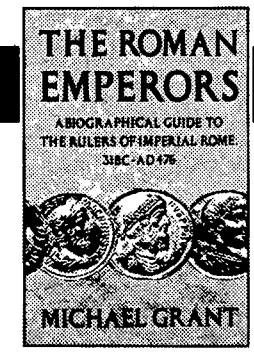

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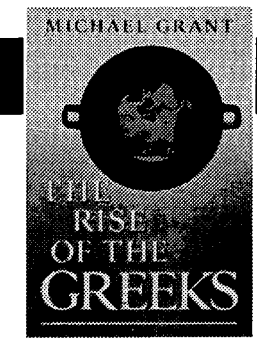

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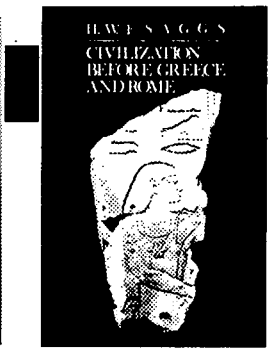

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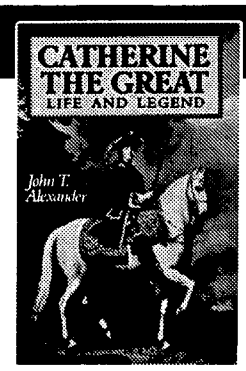

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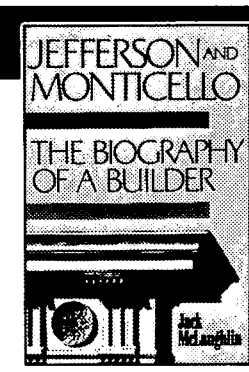

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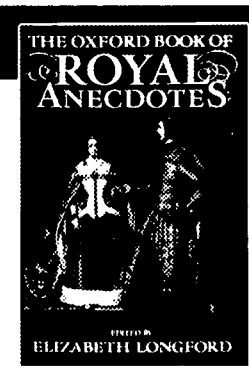

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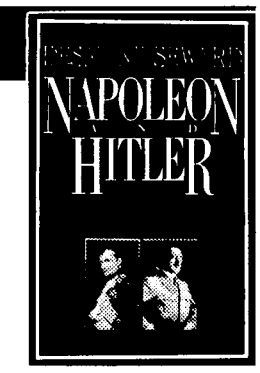

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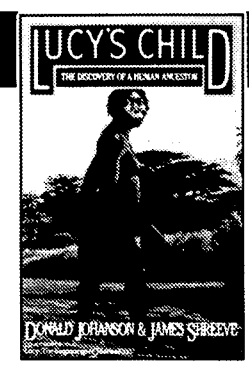

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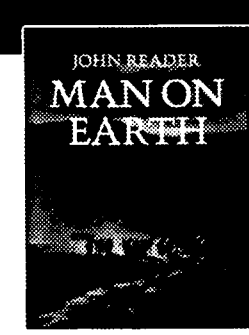

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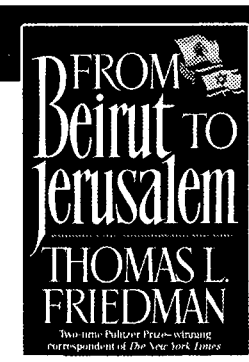

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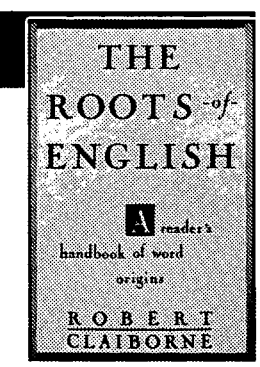

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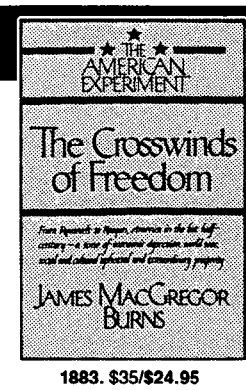

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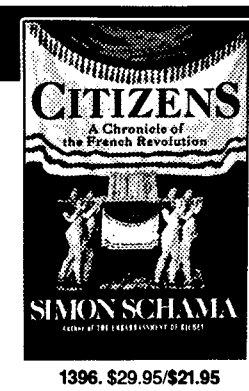

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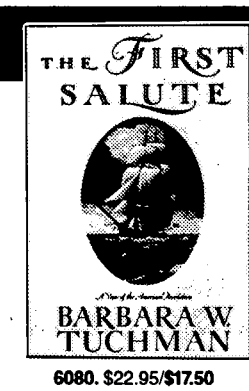

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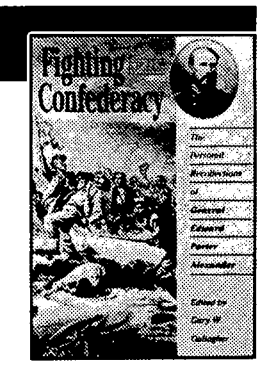

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• September has expired—blown away, those living in the Carolinas might say, by Hurricane Hugo, the worst storm of its kind to hit those parts in thirty-five years. And the winds of Hugo are not the only fresh currents rattling the Republic. With George Bush assayed favorably by 70 percent of the Americanos, the economy approaching its seventh year of prosperity, and the Democrats mired in scandals so squalid that they hope the term "sleaze factor" has been forgotten, old ideas are being revived or in some cases pilfered.

• Within three days late in September two Liberal profs and one Liberal columnist faced squarely an old *American Spectator* thesis, to wit: that the Republic is experiencing a time of ideological crack-up. In fact, the Liberal columnist, Mr. Charles Krauthammer, actually appropriated the term "crack-up." "The conservative crackup is near" he begins his September 22 syndicated column, untroubled that the term and the thesis were first posited two and a half years ago in the *Wall Street Journal* and *The American Spectator* by the author of that classic, *The Liberal Crack-Up*, or that Simon and Schuster has that distinguished author working on a book whose working title is *The Conservative Crack-Up*. Mr. Krauthammer is a widely read Promethean figure—so widely read, in fact, that for about a decade he has been forgetting where he read it first. Yet his crackup is not hyphenated, and so perhaps he will patent it as an original observation. Scholarly standards weigh more heavily on the profs, and so when they alight on an old thesis they still shy from pinching the term "crack-up." Rather, Professor William Galston of the University of Maryland and Dr. Elaine Ciulla Kamarck of the Progressive Policy Institute have notified readers of the September 24 *Washington Post* that contemporary Liberalism has isolated itself from the electorate and that the Democrats can become the dominant party again only by mollifying their ideological extremism for "programmatic flexibility and internal diversity." An intelligent observation that, but one that has been echoing through these pages since the early 1980s.

• Miss Sally Ann Buckman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Buckman, Jr. of Shaker Heights, Ohio, and an indefatigable workaholic at the Washington law firm of Leventhal, Senter & Lerman, was wed to Mr. Robert Stephen Shaw, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Shaw of Beltsville, Maryland, at the First Unitarian Church in Shaker Heights. The Rev. Bettye Doty performed the ceremony and handled the Q and A afterward. The Hon. Barney Frank's contretemps with a male prostitute, whom he commissioned for professional services of a lascivious nature and thereupon employed in a visionary self-help program originating in the Hon. Frank's Washington domicile, finally took a conventional twist when the Massachusetts progressive admitted to the illustrious *Washington Times* that he used his congressional privileges to "fix" the young man's parking tickets—now that's politics, Barney. Critics of New Zealand's socialist polity who charge that New Zealand is the most boring country in the English-speaking world were given a jolt when that country's *Otago Daily Times* reported that " 'Rocking Chickens' are becoming the in thing among toddlers at Dunedin playgrounds, according to the experts." Not even Rio during Carnival has known the earthy splendors of "Rocking Chickens."

• In New York City the reform wing of the Democratic party ousted Mayor Edward I. Koch as Democratic nominee for Mayor. The garrulous Mr. Koch was replaced by the very polite Mr. David N. Dinkins, the Manhattan Borough President who never speaks unless spoken to. Mr. Dinkins is also a celebrated tax resister who refused to pay his taxes in the early 1970s in protest of government corruption. As winter approaches the government is finally making headway in dealing with the homeless. According to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, during the first six months of the year the nation's prison population increased by a record 46,004 inmates, a seven percent increase among males, and among females a very commendable thirteen percent increase. From Orick, California, comes word that the twenty-first annual Banana Slug Derby was won by Miss Stacey Jones's gleaming thoroughbred, "Pete." Miss Lorie Morrison reigned as 1989 Miss Banana Slug Queen and is available for interviews with major media.

• Fluid that had gathered above the brain of former President Ronald Reagan was surgically removed early in the month; though, throughout the month, another libertarian-conservative, Mr. Boris N. Yeltsin of the Soviet Union, demonstrated to his many American hosts that fluids on the brain need not be injurious. Mr. Yeltsin proved to be the most amiable Russian visitor in decades, particularly to American bartenders, and he evacuated all the fluids he brought aboard in the conventional hearty manner of the junketing politico—come visit again, Boris. At the University of North Carolina, administrators have responded to that hot, hot, hot report of the University's Task Force on AIDS and installed condom vending machines in dormitories. There were the usual scoffers' voices sneering at progress, for instance Mr. Steve Bayliss, a law student, who notified the *Daily Tar Heel* that "It's a subversive Communist plot to undermine the moral standards of this great University." But for the most part student opinion sided with the ever helpful Miss Amanda Purvis, a freshman, who, after but a weekend or two on campus, concluded, "I think it's a good idea. It saves you a trip to the drug store." Miss Purvis's picture is available upon request.

• In Decatur, Georgia, Mr. James Moseley, 35, has been freed. Mr. Moseley had been convicted of running athwart Georgia's 156-year-old sodomy law after admitting somewhat boastfully to engaging in oral sex with his common-law wife. An astute attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union assured his release, however, by insisting that if state prosecutors had ever engaged in oral sex with anyone they disqualify themselves from prosecuting the foul-mouthed Mr. Moseley. Questions have been raised about the competence of the pilot of a USAir Boeing 737 that skidded into New York's East River during an aborted takeoff, and with good reason. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, another USAir pilot, Mr. William K. Bowman, was sentenced to twenty-three months in a work-release center for leaving the scene after running his car into a pedestrian. The victim, Mr. Arthur Wolf, Jr., was wearing a costume made of aluminum foil and mirrors. Mr. Bowman has had his driver's license suspended thirteen times in the past eight years. In Los Angeles, Mr. Jesus Lopez was killed instantly when he lowered his pants and pointed his undraped behind in the direction of an oncoming and apparently quite prudish automobile driver.

• In Sri Lanka, where civil war is filling the rivers with floating corpses, fastidious Sri Lankans are foregoing a national delicacy, bloodfish, out of fear that this succulent fish is eating human flesh. In Meadville, Pennsylvania, environmentalists failed to stop 150 Marines from carrying out training maneuvers at a nearby beach. The environmentalists insisted that Piping Plovers, an endangered species, needed quiet to procreate in the area, but the local Audubon chapter came to the rescue of the military-industrial complex when a Piping Plover lover testified that no Plovers had nested in the area for years. The French Supreme Court found an unnamed florist guilty of clipping an endangered flower in his own garden and fined him heavily.

• In Billings, Montana, the campaign between the American Civil Liberties Union and local authorities has reached a crisis. Early in the month, and after a careful study of the behavior of local ACLU members, the Billings Police Department infiltrated the local red light district with policewomen posing as ladies of the night. Almost immediately they bagged an aptly named Mr. Greye Verstraete, a 48-year-old paralegal on the staff of the American Civil Liberties Union of Montana. Mr. V.

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had requested that the undercover policewoman urinate on him for $40, which was not surprising, but twenty-four grams of marijuana were found in his backpack and experts on the ACLU cannot understand why an ACLU paralegal would endanger a date with a beautiful lady on a lovely Montana night with twenty-four grams of dope. There are signs that Libya's Col. Muammar Qaddafi is mellowing. Addressing the question of a Jewish homeland during September's summit of nonaligned nations, Col. Qaddafi suggested that it would be perfectly acceptable to him if one were established in Alaska, the Soviet Baltic republics, or Alsace-Lorraine. Finally, September 29 was the bicentennial of the completion of the Clarinet Quintet in A, K. 581 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart who, had he lived, would have been 233 years old that day.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

What Is to Be Done?

Re: Fred Barnes's, "So You Want to Reform Congress?" (*TAS*, September 1989). I am a longtime admirer of Fred Barnes's television and writing styles. So this is just a short note advancing my solution to congressional incumbency. Let all contributions be derived solely from the district (under the penalty of expulsion) in which the congressman derives his votes. Senators would confine monetary solicitation to their respective states.

This solution is fair for both challengers and incumbents and best of all is just in time for the 1990 gerrymander.

—B. L. McGowan
Stuart, Florida

Re: Fred Barnes's "So You Want to Reform Congress?"

Answer: Yes

The most practical way to reform Congress would be to move it.

Where? Death Valley won't do. It's right between Los Angeles and Las Vegas—too close. There are parts of western Nebraska or Texas that look nifty, or maybe one of the bases being closed. The rules would be that there could be no aircraft landing within 200 miles, and the complex would have one two-lane blacktop for entrance or egress. With electronic wizardry, access would be adequate. Washington is too nice now that air conditioning has arrived. These guys are good talkers and charmers and they can never leave this center of perpetual entertainment and intrigue; neither defeat nor disgrace can blast them out. But their new location would be so boring that there'd be nothing doing but to get the work done and get the heck out of there. If the new location is a closed air base, they could have super family cook-outs on the runways. In the meantime, they would be just as mad at the bureaucrats as the rest of us—thinking of them ensconced in nice Washington—and would take measures to limit and reduce them out of sheer malice. Think of some of our present legislators who would quit immediately at the thought of such a ghastly social life. Want turnover? You've got it!

Wonderful opportunities would open for the use of the Capitol. The Senate and House of Representatives chambers would be great for small dinner-theater performances. The rotunda would be perfect for rock concerts—free tickets for all Woodstock veterans who promised neither to be interviewed nor to publish their memoirs. The Rayburn Building would be swell for the homeless, and the Smithsonian is always looking for more space. The little underground trains would be ideal for a tunnel of love and maybe a kiddy safari with pop-up animals and scary monsters—a great money-maker to help reduce the deficit. Washington would still be a popular tourist center, and, without having to spend all that time testifying before committees, surplus government employees could help show the folks around—until they fell before the wrath of you know whom, that is.

What we're talking here is *real* separation of powers. Everyone stays in Washington except Congress. I think this would get the enthusiastic approval of the electorate in direct proportion to the number who disapproved of a raise for Congress.

What do you think? I know you editors and reporters (lobbyists? who cares?) love Washington too, but be resolute and think of Nathan Hale.

—Marjorie G. James
Austin, Texas

Cool on Clark

One cheer for Joe Clark ("East Side Story," by Yale and Rita Kramer, *TAS*, August 1989). The Kramers provide us with good reason to appreciate that East Side High School now has a sane environment, but their acceptance of Clark's failure to get the students to do better at academic tasks seems facile.

They tell us that the "battle cry of the liberal establishment . . . has been: 'Don't blame the victims . . . for their misfortune.'" Okay, that's fine with me. But notice that they accept the idea that the students are an "inferior product," produced by "families in which . . . encouragement is lacking . . ." Now, it is certain that most of the families sending children to East Side did not provide them with a "set of skills that can be used . . ." Otherwise there surely would not be the low level of academic achievement.

One wonders why so many families have been so deficient. Mr. Clark explains that "everything is available [from the government]" to blacks, so "why work?"

What a curious conclusion. In truth, I had not noticed that "everything is available" to black families. The reality seems to fall short of that grand description. But suppose it were true. How to explain their failure to inculcate proper values in their young before "everything [became] available." What liberal force was operating then to undercut black families' movement toward middle-class achievement?

Mr. Clark wants "Blacks . . . to rediscover the dignity of work." Has he taught it to their children? It seems not. They are not working in school, nor are they working out of school. As they become parents will they teach their children the "dignity of work[?]" Well, if they don't learn it from Joe, or from their parents, they will be producing the same "inferior product" that has so disappointed his educational efforts. But rather than rethink the educational problem now that he has established an environment in which *something* might work, he urges that blacks "acquire as much wealth" as they can, without the "cognitive skills" they did not learn in his school or at their parents' feet.

Alas, Joe Clark, a splendid disciplinarian, has failed at the educational task, and now wants to spread his message nationwide. The important thing we are to remember is never, never, never, hint that racism in this country could ever have anything to do with producing "inferior products." Fap.

—Bertram Rothschild, Ph.D.
Aurora, Colorado

Yale and Rita Kramer reply:

Dr. Rothschild is as confused in his reading of our article on Joe Clark as he is in his reply to it. He has gotten many wires crossed—mixed us up with Clark, mixed the past up with the present, and mixed descriptive with normative statements. In fact, he has short-circuited so many ideas in the piece that the poor man finally—"Fap"—must have blown a fuse.

The good doctor's confusion notwithstanding, we guess he's sore because neither Clark nor we believe that inner-city black children today are victims of racism pure and simple. He can't believe that anything but racism pure and simple can explain the imperfections of Clark's achievement.

We can only remind him of what we suggest in our article—that what accounts for Joe Clark's heroic but flawed accomplishment involves factors of race, history, politics, class, individual family values, child-rearing practices, psychology, and probably a number of other variables. But race is only one of many factors and, as Clark suggests, it is of diminishing importance in the causes of and solutions to the problems of inner-city black children.

If cognitive inadequacies were solely a matter of racism, he would have a great deal of difficulty in explaining all of the successful black students from middle- and working-class families or all of the countless Orientals growing up in harshly racist California in the thirties, forties, and fifties who did not end up with severe cognitive inadequacies. □

The holiday season is unfolding and I should like to note that the blue-suited Santas of the United States Postal Service have agreed to carry gift deliveries of *TAS* far and wide, day or night, gloom or no gloom. Please consider using the order card in this issue (or, if missing, the form on page 44) to enter gift subscriptions to friends, colleagues, local libraries, high school and college students and their professors, and any professional or amateur organizations to which you belong possessing strategically located coffee tables.

—RET

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EDITORIALS

THE END OF WHAT?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The victims of the American media are all around us, and occasionally it is the Christian thing to do to offer them succor from their torments. By the victims of media I mean, of course, newspaper readers and television viewers who have almost no place else to go for the news. They have an admirable thirst for information about the times in which they live, but often their thirst is slackened by phony news stories intended to quiet them down when the facts warrant alarm or to fill them with alarm though the facts warrant no alarm.

A staple of this sort of journalism is the story that catches the eye because it is so unusual, so unanticipated, so beguiling. It tells us something that we did not know or even anticipate, and that leaves us with the volupt confidence that now we know something that the poor slob next door probably does not know. Unfortunately, more often than not, the reason this sort of story catches the eye and is so utterly unanticipated is that the story is charmingly inaccurate—or shall we say, pishposh.

Right now such a story is the report by a U.S. State Department official of impressive erudition and intelligence, Francis Fukuyama, who has written in the foreign policy quarterly the *National Interest*, that Democratic liberalism has triumphed, that ideologies are evaporating from the globe, and that we are now at the threshold of an "end of history." Naturally, so unusual and unanticipated are Fukuyama's findings that many organs of the media have picked them up and spread them across the land, pollinating the minds of Americans with flapdoodle. The end of history, indeed! Does the crackdown in Peking signify the end of ideology or the triumph of democratic capitalism?

And Fukuyama goes on, "The end of history will be a very sad time. The struggle for recognition, the willingness to risk one's life for a purely abstract goal, the worldwide ideological struggle that called for daring, courage, imagination, and idealism will be replaced by . . ." But forget what it will be replaced by. Or go out and read his piece at the library. This column is meant to be a vehicle of sense, and between the above quotation marks it has already borne an unwholesome cargo of nonsense. History is a creation of human action, and though we see indolence everywhere, we see no signs that mankind is about to collapse into a worldwide stupor.

History is going to continue as humanity busily applies itself to its thousands of everyday pursuits: science, politics, medicine, industry, amour, garbage removal. What Fukuyama calls the "struggle" will continue with plenty of conflict. There will be a smile on his face again as violence and heroism ensue. My guess is that in the arena of world politics there will soon be plenty of cause for excitement. The objective evidence mounts that Mr. Gorbachev's country is going to be the scene of even more violence than we have recently witnessed in Mr. Deng's country. If so, the world is going to be in for a very rough patch.

Marxist ideology may be dying out, at least outside the faculty clubs of benighted American universities; but Marxism has not been the cause of East-West conflict for many years. At least since the Sino-Soviet split in the early 1960s, and arguably since the death of Stalin in 1953, Marxism has been a hollow religion in the Soviet Union, attracting few believers. It has not been Marxism that has made the Soviet Union and China warlike states but their long histories of aggression and imperialism. That the land of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff now swells with sweet-sounding music should surprise no one.

Russians have long been capable of sweet sounds. Whether Soviet rhetoric is now more sincere than in the past is not the point. Anyone familiar with the patterns of history knows that the problems facing the Soviet Union, China, and for that matter Eastern Europe could lead the world into grave turmoil. We had better not be lulled into complacency by eye-catching news stories about "the end of history." To be sure, we live in unusually quiet times, but there is always quiet in the eye of the hurricane. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

TOUGH TALK

Well, here in Washington at the resplendent Mayflower Hotel the Democrats have held another of their seminars to divine how they might wallop the Republicans good in the next national elections. There was the usual no-nonsense talk about facing up to the party's problems, but there was little facing up. In addition there were many hairy-chested exhortations for the party to get tough with George Bush, whose national approval rating right now is in the neighborhood of 70 percent.

Bearing in mind recent difficulties that have befallen various distinguished Democratic solons and numas, I would counsel against this getting-tough stuff. Such advice puts me in mind of a dictum framed some sixty years ago by my predecessor, George Jean Nathan. Said the first editor of *The American Spectator*, "A fool is one who is intelligent at the wrong time." Doubtless in politics there are times when the intelligent thing to do is get tough. This is not one of them. The Democrats cannot benefit from riling President Bush. On the campaign trail last fall we all saw him adopt the demeanor of the bruiser, and surely the Democrats recall the gruesome consequences.

The Democratic delegation to the House of Representatives is in a very delicate condition. Few truth-seekers in this great Republic have yet mentioned it, but over the last year or so there has been a higher incidence of what the Democrats call "sleaze" associated with their own House delegation than at any time in modern American history. In fact, if one wishes to throw in the ABSCAM scandal and the convictions of various other Democratic members of the House, one sees a pattern of proven corruption that is quite staggering. And we are not talking about the kind of ethical violations that result from complicated post-Watergate disclosure regulations.

This is the traditional kind of corruption. Ex-congressmen Coelho and Wright left office hounded by charges of financial impropriety and accepting favors. Others have left recently after being convicted of graft. Others remain, though convicted of bribery. Congressman Frank admits to consort-

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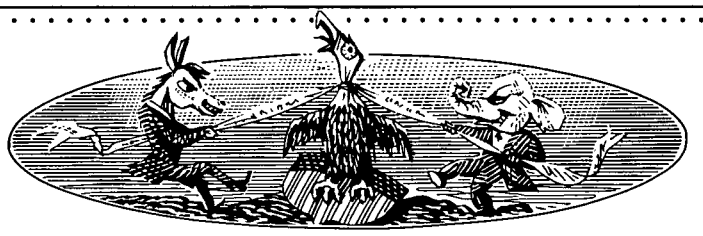
ing with a prostitute, and at least two others are accused of sexual indiscretions. One of these gentlemen stands accused of being a common fondler. After enduring eight years of the Democrats' harangues about Republican "sleaze" and so few convictions resulting, George Bush could benefit handsomely from directing the nation's attention to the Democrats' moral condition. Surely he has not forgotten their hypocritical assault on John Tower.

Perhaps a surer path to political revival would be for the Democrats to review their policies. "We have," testified President Jimmy Carter's chief domestic adviser, Stuart E. Eizenstat, at the Mayflower, "lost a sense of middle-class values and seem to blush or look condescendingly at patriotism, family values, and concern about sex and violence on television. . . ."

Now Eizenstat is on the right track. Until the Democrats latch on to policies that ingratiate them to the electorate they will have to hope for some appalling national calamity to return them to the White House. But here is the heart of their problem. They call for "tough liberalism" as exhibited by the alphabet Presidents: FDR, HST, JFK, and LBJ. But that kind of liberalism was only possible when liberals adhered to the discipline of collectivism, that is to say a belief in the planned economy, the planned society, social engineering.

Sometime in the 1960s liberalism began granting dispensations to various minorities. The idea was to give the beneficiaries of the welfare state a say in how their government benefits would be used. That was the beginning of the end for liberal planners. From that point on the factions that now divide liberalism began to multiply. Moreover, a growing number of social critics began to doubt the wisdom of the planned economy and the planned society. For twenty years the drift has been away from collectivism and toward local autonomy and laissez faire, which is to say toward the Republicans. "Getting tough" with George Bush will not overcome that sad truth. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



MIND OVER MATTER

by Tom Bethell

George Gilder spoke at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., and after that we had a quick meal at the Shoreham. He was in the midst of a tour promoting his new book, *Microcosm*, just published by Simon and Schuster. Gilder is now fifty years old, or close to that birthday, but he looks and acts a good deal younger. One of the most striking things about him is his tremendous, rambunctious optimism. It is impossible to imagine him down in the dumps, exactly. Perhaps less noticeable is his restless determination, disguised by a gentleman-amateur facade. He somehow reminds one of a swimmer who dives recklessly into a racing pool with the pros, who move smoothly ahead with Mark Spitz precision. George is puffing and splashing about in mid-pool: What fun this is! Soon the pros are laps ahead, but somehow, the next time you look, some have sunk to the bottom and the others are sunning themselves by the poolside. George alone is flailing away toward the finish line, using some weird, energetic stroke, and in the end he wins the race. His book *Microcosm: The Quantum Revolution in Economics and Technology* seems to me to be an achievement of that order.

It deals with a difficult subject, the technological and entrepreneurial revolution that has taken place in the last quarter century, within the paradoxical world of the "microcosm." Gilder uses this word in a new way, to describe the inner space of small-scale matter. The word has long been used to describe what the *American Heritage* (1969) dictionary called "a diminutive, representative world; a system more or less analogous to a much larger system in constitution, configuration or development." According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the word was used as long ago as 1625 with just that sense: "God at last made man, that microcosme, or little world, as it were an epitome or abridgement of this great, universall world."

Gilder gives the word a subtly different meaning. First, it more literally describes a spatial world, not an analogous one, and in fact his key point is that this small world of "inner space" is interesting and important precisely because it is *not* analogous to the normal, everyday world that we move about in—the macrocosm. But it *is* analogous to the larger world of outer space in one key respect: just as the outer space of the solar system is mostly empty, so also is the inner space of the molecule and the atom. There the similarity ends, however. The key point about the inner space of the microcosm is that it does not behave in accordance with the laws of Newtonian physics. It behaves (to the extent that we can understand it) oddly, or paradoxically, according to a different set of laws, which (as we currently conceive them) are not logical or fully intelligible to the human mind. This is the world of quantum physics, of which the late Cal Tech Nobel laureate Richard Feynman said: "I think it is safe to say that no one understands quantum mechanics. Do not keep saying to yourself, if you can possibly avoid it, 'but how can it be like that?' because you will go 'down the drain' into a blind alley from which nobody has yet escaped. Nobody knows how it can be like that."

Feynman once said that the electron "does anything it likes," including going "forward or backward in time." Things on a very small scale, he wrote, "behave like nothing you have any direct experience about. They do not behave like waves, they do not behave like particles, they do not behave like clouds, or billiard balls, or like anything you have ever seen." Gilder believes that the current paradoxes of quantum theory are not a function of measurement or hidden variables, as though one day someone with a more powerful microscope will be able to derive a more intelligible materialistic formula. This is "all wrong," he confidently asserts. "There is no concealed clockwork in the quantum."

Quantum physics only make sense, Gilder argues, "if it is treated as part of the domain of ideas, governed less by the laws of matter than by the laws of mind." In fact the words used by scientists to describe atomic phenomena are suggestive because they describe mental phenomena: "reflection," "absorption," "non-locality," and so on. Mass and energy are conserved, but "opposing thoughts can cancel each other out." Perhaps electrons can go back in time. Thoughts certainly can. In short, "atomic phenomena seem to represent the still mysterious domain between matter and mind." Notice that the connection between mind and matter is still a complete mystery to us. Perhaps we cannot unravel it because we have to use our minds to do so—as difficult as lifting ourselves up into the heavens by pulling on our hair. If you decide to lift up your arm, and then lift it, no one understands where your "will" is located and how it interacts with your muscles. Surely (one feels) atomic phenomena *must* be purely materialistic, the scale alone being different. But perhaps Gilder is right. I suspect he is.

At least since the eighteenth century, conventional scientific wisdom has had it that the universe can be exhaustively described in terms of matter and motion alone. Complex bodies evolved from simpler ones, brains evolved likewise. The mind itself was a mere extrusion of the brain. All evolved by chance variation out of the primal muck. This was (and is) the dead end of Darwinism. Oxford philosophers of the mid-twentieth century dutifully put their shoulders to the materialistic wheel. Mind was reduced to behavior. When we say of someone that he has "a good mind" we mean nothing more than that he tends to do well in tests. That's what Gilbert Ryle taught us (and me). Consciousness was only thought to exist because we had parsed our sentences so carelessly.

This view of life was denied by some scientists, such as the neurosurgeon Wilder Penfield, and the computer

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pioneer Norbert Wiener. The brain does not "secrete thought as the liver does bile," said Wiener. Penfield electrically stimulated the brain cells of epileptics, who thereby could re-experience the past; but they also remained aware that they were experimental subjects. "The patient's mind, which is considering the situation in such an aloof and critical manner, can only be something quite apart from neuronal reflex action," Penfield wrote. Unrepentant, those working in the field of artificial intelligence clung to the materialistic model. They wanted to believe that mind was mere brain "in order to support the feasibility of building computer minds," Gilder argues. But here they have come to another dead end. However complex they become, computers will never think for themselves. Computers are not smart, they are dumb: swift, dutiful, obedient slaves, on call twenty-four hours a day. Sometimes they break down but they never have a mind of their own—Arthur Clarke's fantasies notwithstanding.

In a way Gilder's book is about architecture—the architecture of inner space, and the heroic endeavors of a handful of physicists, engineers, and entrepreneurs who designed switches and integrated circuits on tiny chips of silicon, bringing the architecture of the computer's innards more and more closely into line with the design of inner space. These people—among them William Shockley, Robert Noyce, Gordon Moore, Andrew Grove, and Carver Mead—have not received the attention they have deserved. (Shockley has been an exception, for the wrong reason.) Yet in the future these and others portrayed by Gilder will probably be recognized as being among the most creative figures of our time. Years ago the English writer Malcolm Muggeridge noted that the human creativity formerly monopolized by the fine arts had, in the twentieth century, most unexpectedly migrated to technology. Today, confronted as we are by the sordid antics of a residue of state-subsidized malcontents who are brazen enough to call themselves artists, this is more true than ever.

The culture of our time is still amazingly disdainful of technological creation. Perhaps this is because such invention seems to be purely functional, purely mundane. It is not done for its own sake, but to help accountants with spread sheets! (Actually, the best art was always subservient to some other, ostensibly more important function: the concerto for the coronation, the requiem for the funeral. Artsy-for-art's-sake museums and concert halls have been the venue of Western art in its phase of decadence and have contributed to its decline.) Gilder goes some way toward making up for the neglect by investing the creators of the semiconductor industry with mythic and heroic qualities, Carver Mead in particular.

A physicist at Cal Tech, now in his mid-fifties, Mead gives us what Gilder calls Mead's Laws, which, even though they are "contrary to the laws of the world" turned out to "order the future of electronics." As you move down into the microcosm, Mead revealed, "everything gets better as it gets smaller, cooler as it gets faster, cheaper as it gets more valuable. As the traffic of electrons becomes denser, speedier, more complex, and more plentiful, the number of accidents drops, defects decline, and nothing ever wears out."

Gilder told me once that he had been more than anything intrigued to learn that the material basis of the semiconductor industry was primarily silicon, or sand, the most plentiful material on earth. This had set him on the path toward the microcosm. Matter no longer mattered; what counted was what mind did with matter. *Microcosm* could have been subtitled "the triumph of mind over matter." ("Small is beautiful" is another possibility.)

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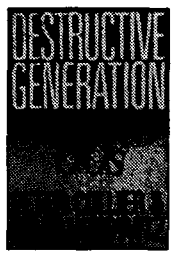

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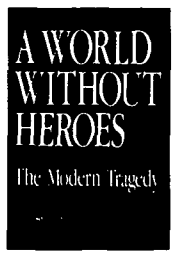

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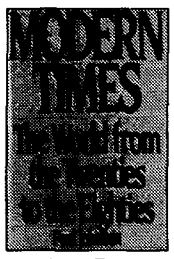

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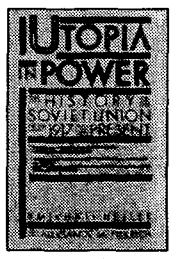

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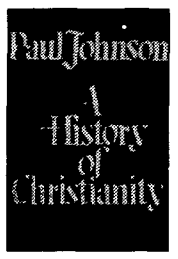

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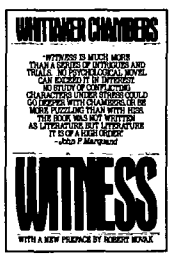

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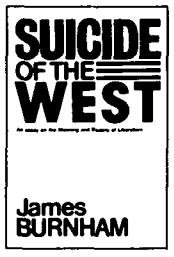

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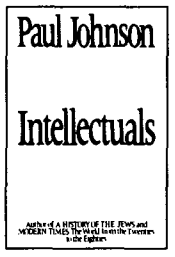

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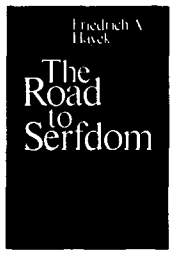

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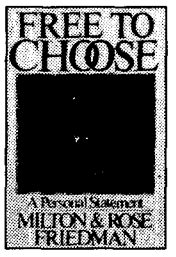

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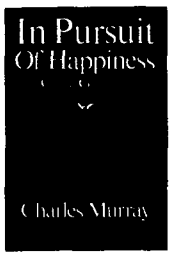

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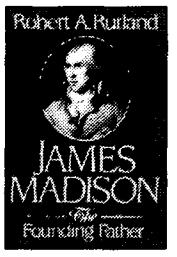

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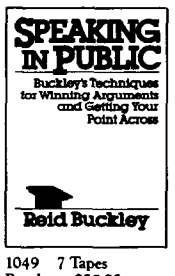

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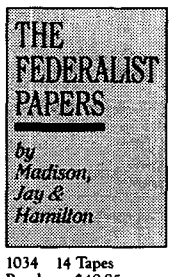

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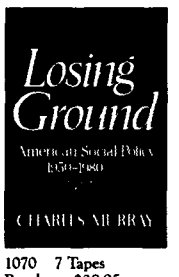

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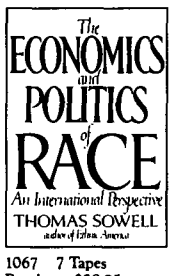

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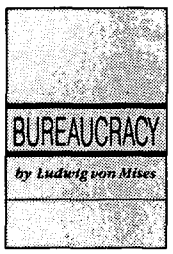

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The utility of sand demolished the myth that material prosperity depends on natural resources. Today this is increasingly understood (but economists cling to a modified form of it, believing as they do that the three "inputs" of an economy are natural resources, "labor," and something called "capital"). Driven by ongoing technological change ("I do not believe that human history has ever seen such rapid expansion of technology as we are witnessing now in electronics," Petr Beckmann wrote in his latest *Access to Energy* newsletter), we are now moving toward a new economic world. Labor is becoming individualized rather than undifferentiated, human capital preempts capital, and material resources are approaching the condition of sand.

Mere territorial acquisition is now of dubious (or negative) value. This in turn will weaken nation states. In response to the first (eighteenth century) Industrial Revolution, nations proliferated. Wealth and power came "to the ruler of military forces capable of conquering the physical means of production." But today, "computer software, a pure product of mind, is the chief source of added value in world commerce. The global network of telecommunications carries more valuable goods than all the world's supertankers." The first Industrial Revolution "vastly increased the value of materials." The new industrial revolution will return these materials "to their previous natural condition as dirt, rocks and gunk." (Gilder's excellent chapter on this, "The Eclipse of Geopolitics," could itself be expanded into a book.)

Yes, we will still need steel mills. But the value new steel will add to the future economy will be small compared to its contribution in the past. Reading this book, I realized for the first time why the Soviet economy is collapsing. It is insufficient to say that "socialism doesn't work." That has always been true. We have to explain why it seemed to work not too badly for fifty or sixty years, but is now crumbling. (Paul Craig Roberts's answer, that at first the Soviet Union was able to exploit fertile farmland and easily accessible gold and oil, which have now been exhausted, no doubt is partly true but it takes too "materialistic" a view of the problem.)

The reason is that the "steel mill economy" the Soviets laboriously acquired is now an anachronism. They are like a television manufacturer who stubbornly continued with vacuum tubes and then found himself competing with producers who used far cheaper transistors. To build vacuum-tube TV sets today would be a very expensive undertaking; the Soviets are stuck with just such a high cost structure. Bringing those costs down by incorporating the new information technology would mean abandoning the totalitarian control of information that is central to their system of government. Therefore, economic reform will require political reform. They are stuck. (By the same token the new technology makes missile-defense feasible and so threatens their laboriously acquired missiles; hence arms control.)

Read the book. It praises unsung heroes: "From immigrants and outcasts, street toughs and science wonks, nerds and boffins, the bearded and the beer-bellied, the tacky and uptight, and sometimes weird, the born again and born yesterday, with Adam's apples bobbing, psyches throbbing, and acne galore, the fraternity of the pizza breakfast, the Ferrari dream, the silicon truth, the midnight modem, and the seventy-hour week, from dirt farms and redneck shanties, trailer parks and Levittowns, in a rainbow parade of all colors and wavelengths . . . from the ambition and hunger, genius and sweat of the outsider, the downtrodden, the banished and the bullied come most of the progress in the world and in Silicon Valley." □

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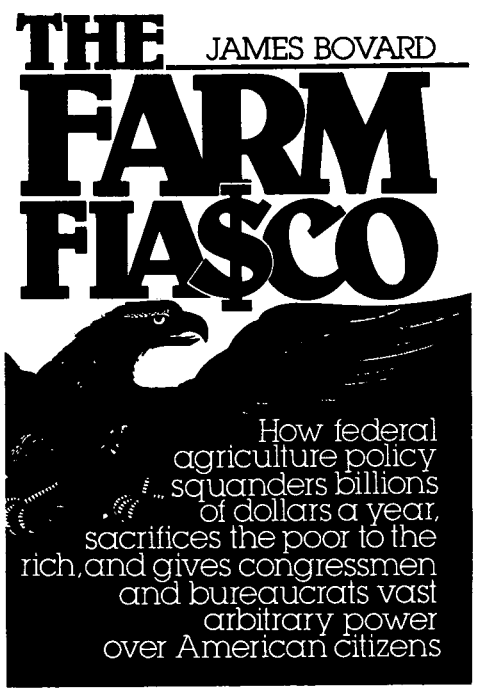
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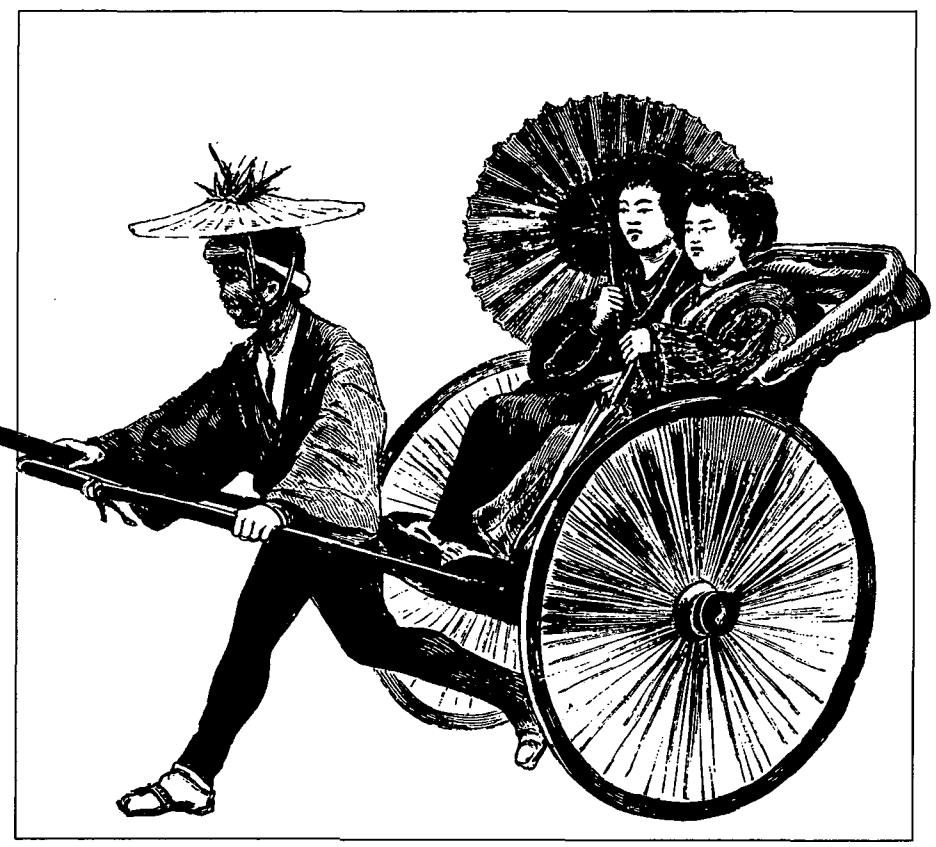
THE ROAD TO REVOLT IN CHINA

The Democracy movement's intelligence chief recounts victory and defeat in Tiananmen Square.

Xin Ku means hardship. It is the name adopted by a 22-year-old student activist only now coming back to earth after a dizzying ride in the stratosphere of revolutionary dreams and delusions. For by the end, when the tanks and the troops were sowing death in Tiananmen, it was clear that revolution was precisely what the student-led movement had come to be all about: the fall of the Chinese Communist party and its replacement with "democracy."

It didn't begin that way. Xin Ku (pronounced "Shin Coo") and his comrades initially saw themselves as reformers, not revolutionaries. A physics major at Lanzhou University in the Gansu Province, Xin Ku began his political odyssey in 1987 by founding a "democracy salon" discussion group to talk about China's social problems. I spoke with him one long summer night, with the help of several translators, in downtown New York only a few weeks after his escape from China. He is an intense young man, precise, cautious, and somewhat shellshocked. He had requested that I submit my questions in advance, and his careful replies, read from notes in Chinese characters before him and promptly translated into English, were full of colorless political slogans. He seemed impatient and confused by my efforts to elicit anecdotes and details that might bring the story to life; my job, rather, was to convey the messages of the revolution. I was reminded of Lenin's humorlessness, although Xin Ku had an equal share of a boy's sweet naiveté and a revolutionist's cunning. "You see these clothes," he said, peering at me through wire-rimmed glasses and gesturing to his red polo shirt and stonewashed jeans. "These clothes are what I wore on Tiananmen Square. I will always wear these clothes. I will always wear red to remember the blood that was shed in Peking."

In the heady days of April and May Xin Ku quickly rose to a powerful position in the democracy movement, becoming the director of intelligence and security for the student leadership. Conditions for the interview stipulated that few details would be disclosed about his escape from China and current activities of the Chinese underground, and that Xin Ku would be allowed to review the article in advance to prevent inadvertent disclosures. Several independent sources within the Chinese-American community confirm Xin Ku's identity; while he adds some new brushstrokes to the tale of Tiananmen, the existing record confirms virtually every detail of his story. For the immediate future Xin Ku will be attending an Ivy League university to complete his studies and improve his English, but for him life is elsewhere. He says his fate is now irredeemably wedded to the cause of democracy in China. The vow is sealed with the blood of his fallen friends.



"I wasn't interested in politics at the beginning," Xin Ku told me, "but in man's basic human rights." For all the progress made in the last decade of relative openness, the ordinary Chinese citizen continues to live in a web of official corruption and indifference so vast it is difficult for an American to conceive. Low-level bureaucrats, often in league with local gangsters, exercise absolute control over the populace. Freedom of association and freedom of the press are severely restricted. Murders and rapes, as well as petty crimes, are often ignored by the authorities. Bribes are necessary for everything. To speak one's mind is to risk jail or loss of job. Xin Ku soon became convinced that "political action was the only way to safeguard human rights. By human rights we mean preventing the constant indignities inflicted on human beings every day all over China." These indignities, he noted, were what provided the real fuel for the democracy movement.

It began at universities throughout China. The students initially sought a modicum of freedom of speech and a free press, some independence of the legal system as a check against state power, and government action against corruption. In short, a modest liberalization of the system. China's recent inflation was another factor, undermining the wage base of urban and rural workers and serving to shore up worker support for the students. "When the students stood up," Xin Ku said, "many people, including workers, supported us. Why did they support us? Because *their* lives cannot be protected, *their* property cannot be protected. There was—and is—a great deal of dissatisfaction and resentment, and so the demands of the students met the concerns of the people. These demands were the origin of our movement."

Events started to move quickly in late March. On March 20, Premier Li Peng gave a speech signaling a retreat from China's narrow economic liberalization of recent years; at the same time, student-led protests were springing up at universities and in cities around the country. On April 15, the former Communist party general secretary, Hu Yaobang, identified with the reformist faction of the Politburo and purged in 1987 after falling out with maximum leader Deng Xiaoping, departed from the land of the living. Peking marches to mark his death brought tens of thousands of citizens into the streets

Micah Morrison, our roving correspondent, is the former deputy director of the Committee for the Free World.

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and jolted the democracy movement out of low gear.

Xin Ku, by this time a student leader at Lanzhou University, traveled to the neighboring provincial capital of Xian for a protest march, then returned to his campus. A student network was coordinating activities throughout China and, although regional protests continued, a decision was reached to focus efforts on Peking. The decision seems to have been based in part on the leading role of the Peking Students Association—already stirring things up in the capital; in part to take advantage of the momentum caused by Hu's death; and in part to make full use of Gorbachev's impending visit, which the students correctly calculated would draw world attention. Xin Ku led a large cadre of students from Lanzhou to Peking. "At this point," Xin Ku said, "we still hoped for reformist government actions to protect the rights of the people."

With students pouring into the capital for the protests, student leadership factions began efforts to organize an efficient command structure. "In the beginning of the movement, the formation of the leadership was not a result of organized elections," Xin Ku said. "The leaders came up because of their demonstrated efforts and dedication. I became the leader of the intelligence and security division. Initially, my job was simply to analyze information coming to us. About a dozen people worked directly under me and many more worked under this core group. I myself, toward the end, had three bodyguards and six secretaries. Information came to us from many sources, including high-level members of the Politburo and military officials. At certain moments, transcripts of Politburo meetings were passed to me and military officials informed me in advance of army movements."

A month would pass before the students became fully organized. Eventually, the leaders of the Peking Students Association and the leaders from student groups outside Peking united to create a governing structure that included a headquarters group, a financial department, a media-relations division, an operation for public address on Tiananmen, an intelligence and security division, a small police force for maintaining order on the square, and other departments. "Our division [intelligence and security] became responsible for protecting the student leaders and hunger strikers, as well as for gauging the overall safety of all the students on the square. To do this, we needed to ascertain the reactions of the government and take appropriate measures to respond to those actions. This included monitoring the movements of the military. In addition to information coming to us from the military, we sent out bands of student scouts who would return with material for analysis. Also, many people simply came in with information." One must assume, however, that the not unformidable Chinese intelligence apparatus had penetrated the student organization. The possibility that it was being manipulated at times with disinformation should not be ruled out.

By late April the crowds of protesters had grown to more than 100,000 and the world was beginning to take notice of events in Peking. On both sides, the stakes were getting higher. "The government was taking a rigid and hostile attitude toward us," Xin Ku said. "This represented a setback. We decided to escalate the movement to involve all the people." A hunger strike was launched, involving at its peak more than 3,600 students and workers, according to the student intelligence chief.

"The hunger strike represented a change of goals," he said. Before the strike, the students sought government reform—"an end to indifference and neglect," in Xin Ku's words. "But when we realized it was not possible to get the government to change, we decided on the hunger strike to mobilize the people, to raise consciousness about conditions in China. We aimed both at the Chinese people and at the rest of the world. From the period of the beginning of the hunger strike to its close three days before Gorbachev's arrival [May 15] our actions raised the awareness of people around the globe about the lack of freedom in China. At this point, we felt we had totally succeeded in our goal [of the second phase] of raising consciousness and moving the world by our cause."

Thus by the time of Gorbachev's visit—which turned out to be essentially a sideshow—the students were riding high. They had immobilized Peking with barricades and protests and infuriated the ruling regime. Rumors of Politburo power struggles were sweeping the streets. Victory seemed imminent: the hunger strike was a success, the Gorbachev visit had been interrupted and eclipsed, the world media were flocking to the students' tent city on the square, and some estimates of the mid-May demonstrations on Tiananmen's 100-acre plaza put crowd figures upward of one million. Support for the students was flowing in from every level of society, even the secret police, according to Xin Ku. It was a heroic moment for the young leaders of the democracy movement, and an intoxicating one.

"You see these clothes," he said, gesturing to his red polo shirt and stonewashed jeans. "These clothes are what I wore on Tiananmen Square. I will always wear these clothes."

With Gorbachev's departure on May 19, events began to take a sinister turn. Martial law was imposed, the reputedly reform-inclined party leader Zhao Ziyang soon dropped out of sight, and troop movements picked up in and around Peking. "After the imposition of martial law," Xin Ku said, "our direction changed again. The students no longer recognized the government." On May 24, in an instance of revolutionary hubris that may have sealed their fate, Xin Ku and the rest of the leadership "urged that an emergency meeting of the National People's Congress [the rubber stamp parliament] be convened to dismantle the present government and impeach Li Peng."

The goals of the democracy movement were escalating: first had come the calls for reform; then the hunger strike to "raise consciousness" had brought a sense of victory; now the idea, swirling in the turmoil of that Peking spring, was to bring down the government. "We needed to continue the mobilization of the people, and so we organized teams to go into the country to promulgate democracy. At the same time, I realized that relying on methods such as this and the hunger strike would not allow us to attain the final victory. We needed

ON VIDEO CASSETTE

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to engage in long-term struggle. Therefore I began to form underground organizations to stay in China and carry on. Obviously, I can say little about these organizations. A network was established in seventeen cities and we have printing presses and methods of communication. But we need money.

"The groups are capable of being very active," Xin Ku continued, growing increasingly vague. "They have the ability to do many things. In the political and economic crises to come, there are many possibilities." He emphatically denied that the students had contact with the CIA or any American officials during the spring months. Private U.S. citizens—"tourists and peace groups," he says—donated or attempted to donate money, but often were blocked by Chinese authorities. "Also at the time of the decision to form underground organizations—roughly the period from May 20 to May 30—we began to plan for our Democracy University and solicit funds for the Goddess of Liberty."

But time was running out. Intelligence forecasts were grim. "As of June 1, we knew there would be violent action against us." Splits had begun to develop in the student leadership. On May 20, Wuer Kai Xi, the student leader best known to the West, broke from the others and urged a withdrawal from the square. "To escape at that point would have been an admission of failure," Xin Ku remarked. "The leadership felt it would be inappropriate to escape and admit defeat. Wuer Kai Xi's call did not reflect the collective decision of the leadership, although he implied it did. Because of this, he was relieved of his duties."

Looking back, was Wuer Kai Xi right? "Even if we did not have to witness the bloody repression by the tanks," Xin Ku replied, "we knew nevertheless that we would have to face other forms of repression: arrest, exile, loss of jobs." They decided to stay. "We wanted to trade our lives for the ideals of freedom and democracy."

They didn't have to wait long for the trading day to arrive. "At 6:00 p.m. on June 3 I got a telephone call. The government had made the final decision to spill the blood of the students. I hurried back to Tiananmen Square." Over the preceding weeks the number of students in the square had dropped. Xin Ku estimates that on the night of June 3 there were about 5,000 students gathered around the Martyrs' Monument, an obelisk with wide steps at the center of the action in Tiananmen. The student leaders able to reach Tiananmen waited nervously on the steps of the monument. For days army units had been probing the streets of Peking and, it was rumored, assembling in the network of underground tunnels beneath the square.

By the evening of June 3, Xin Ku had been without sleep for three days. Tempers were fraying. "In the days before June 4," Xin Ku remembered, "I had had a fight with one of my secretaries. The night of June 3 was the last time I saw her. She was directing a group that had decided to stay no matter what. They were singing a very beautiful song. I walked over to her and took off my cap and put it on her head. 'We all know this is the last time we will see each other,' she said to me. 'It may be that we will all die here.' I walked away. I was very busy."

The "end of history" is nowhere in sight, and the hundred flowers blooming today in Moscow are likely to be paved over with the gravestones of tomorrow's Tiananmen.

In the predawn hours of the morning of June 4, the firing began and the tanks rolled in, cutting down the outer ranks of the students. Screams and gunfire filled the night. "With my own eyes I saw my fellow students shot by the troops on Tiananmen Square," Xin Ku said, his voice faltering. "The troops were coming in from the avenues and up from underground passages. One of my assistants was shot in his left shoulder, another was shot in the hand. The troops also used chemical weapons on us, and there is evidence that the soldiers used dum-dum bullets, which explode inside human bodies.

"It was clear that the troops would soon surround us completely. The leadership called out to the students from the steps of the Martyrs' Monument: 'What do we do?! Do we stay or do we escape?!' The students cried out their opinion: 'We stay!' . . . So we stayed. . . . You see, the students were prepared to sacrifice their lives to resist the violent repression. They were prepared to use their blood to wipe clear the eyes of the people.

"I witnessed many heroic deeds that night and in the days before. The world knows the image of the 19-year-old student named Wang Weilin, who earlier stopped the tanks by standing in front of them. He demonstrated the selfless spirit of many students at that time. Wang is alive, jailed for life for violating martial law. Others did not live. I saw a student with two Molotov cocktails strapped to his waist. On the night of June 3, in a skirmish with the military, as a protest against the repressive activities of the government, he set himself on fire." Xin Ku's eyes filled with tears. "The act of this student symbolized the willingness of all students to give their lives for freedom and democracy."

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, died that night before the guns of the People's Army. We will never know exactly how many were killed. "The soldiers surrounded us," Xin Ku said. "Our first command post was destroyed and so we withdrew with the leadership to one side of the Martyrs' Monument. As they fought toward us with clubs and guns, the soldiers kept open one corridor out of the square and some students took the opportunity to escape. Then that corridor was closed off. The students overturned one of the tanks and opened an escape route. The leadership stayed until the last moment. A unit of about twenty soldiers was fighting toward us through the crowd. When they were about nine meters away from us, we finally decided to pull out. We formed a withdrawal line and tried to get everyone out by way of that corridor. The tanks cut our withdrawal line and rolled over the students. All the students who were encircled by the tanks and could not flee were killed. . . . As we withdrew to the outer streets, tanks and helicopters chased us for two hours. One tank rolled over thirteen students from behind." The occupation of Tiananmen Square was over.

On the afternoon of June 4, with gunfire flaring all over the city and Tiananmen a battlefield of crushed and bloody corpses, the leadership came together for a final meeting. "We resolved to carry on the struggle for the long term," Xin Ku said, "to go throughout China to spread the message of our goals, to tell the truth about what happened on Tiananmen Square. We tried to organize a secret press conference for the foreign journalists, but the tight situation prevented this. Soon after, I lost contact with some of the leaders. Later in June, we lost contact with our finances division. We had no money, our organization was in disarray. We decided to come out of China to seek support for our cause. About my escape I can say nothing, because these channels are still open."

Xin Ku says the fact of his escape proves "that secret channels still exist" to aid the Chinese resistance. "We need moral and material support for the tens of thousands now suffering hardships because of their participation in the democracy movement." He believes the next stage in China's democratic revolution will come soon. "If Chinese society does not have the rule of law, has no democracy, no freedom, no human rights, then Chinese society cannot be a peaceful one. The reality is that after ten years of the Cultural Revolution, followed by ten years of openness, the people know what has transpired in the rest of the world. This knowledge, combined with inflation and the failure of economic constructions, is leading China into troubled times. In the next few years a very grave crisis will explode."

The people know what has transpired in the rest of the world. These are momentous times for many nations, with battles for an elusive thing called democracy—often just a notion of liberty, an idea of freedom—being fought from China to Chile to Poland and even in the Soviet Union itself. Yet the euphoria in many quarters over Mr. Gorbachev's turn toward reform ignores the long shadow of the Chinese experience: the democracy movement was brutally crushed, the good guys did not win. The "end of history" is nowhere in sight and the hundred flowers blooming today in Moscow are likely to be paved over with the gravestones of tomorrow's Tiananmen.

Still, it seems obvious that the people, particularly the young, will keep fighting. Exiles will continue to seek refuge on America's shores because they found inspiration in America's ideals. The inspired moments of Tiananmen, the heroic, even epic deeds—Homer could not have bettered Wang's confrontation with the tanks—now will have to warm Xin Ku and his allies in what probably will be a long exile in an America they'll find less than ideal.

Was it worth it? Perhaps it could be said there was a time when the students could have escaped with some small victories. Perhaps it could be said that clear-thinkers in Tiananmen should have recognized from the moment Gorbachev exited that Deng was going to butcher the young upstarts and teach them a lesson once and for all. But clear thinking is not a commodity of the revolutionary moment. And heroes are not sensible people—they take chances and are swept up in events, they rush in where angels fear to tread, they stand in front of tanks.

I asked Xin Ku if the leaders at Tiananmen had really believed that non-violent tactics would bring down the Chinese Communist party. He looked at me as if I were crazy. "*Of course* we did. We all did. We firmly believe that truth, kindness, and moral uprightness will vanquish evil." □

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P. J. O'Rourke

THE NEW ENEMIES LIST: NO END IN SIGHT

A vigilant journalist's call for a New McCarthyism has struck a major chord with Americans of every patriotic stripe. Check below to see if you've been denounced.

Those of you who took President Bush's "kinder, gentler" suggestion too literally and, therefore, haven't been reading *TAS* may wonder what's going on here. Well, in the July issue (Vol. 22, No. 7) I proposed a "New McCarthyism" (of the Strike-A-Blow-For-Joe, not the Clean-For-Gene type). This would be fair recompense to the left, I thought, for their incessant use of the Mc-word to describe every conservative criticism of anybody.

At the end of my "Proscription for a Better America" I asked readers to send in the names of additional goats to scape. Send they did—postcards, letters, telegrams, and computer printouts thick as a Democrat's skull. This despite the fact that *TAS* readers have jobs, marriages, intellects, and other things which keep them busier than, say, members of the Community for Creative Nonviolence. So many parlor pinks, bull-slingers, dweebs, wonks, bluestockings, nincompoops, hopheads, muck spouts, hog callers, dopes, simps, chumps, wets, sob sisters, eggsuckers, and pencil-necked geeks were named that the Readers' List had to be divided into two parts. Last month we ran the first part, and this month we're running the second.

We now have a lovely file on the ideologically sinister, a fine, big matricula of scum. The only problem is, no one has come up with a fit suggestion for what to do with the people on it. We conservatives don't have gulags because they aren't tax deductible. You can't leverage gulag assets, and gulag merchandising rights are worth zilch. I mean, who wants a Leonid Brezhnev lunch box? Drug therapy isn't going to work on these folks. Most of the lefties already tried it on themselves in the sixties. And prefrontal lobotomies are out. How can doctors sever the nerves connecting the frontal lobes with the thalamus when the entire brain is absent? Maybe we can crate up the nitwits and sell them in Eastern Europe. I hear they're running out of commies over there.

P. J. O'Rourke is author, most recently, of Modern Manners *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

THE LIST CONTINUES

Anyway, as I noted last month, the Readers' Enemies List has been edited only to remove duplications, and the comments appearing in small Roman type are the readers' own although there is an occasional bracketed note from me when I thought somebody was calling in an air strike on his own position.

Paul J. Beck of Morocco, Indiana, begins the back nine play, teeing off on:

Studs Terkel
Andrea Dworkin
Joseph Campbell
Forrest Church
Sondra Gehr, local Chicago public radio host, a feminine Terkel
John Irving
Presidents of Dartmouth and Stanford
Maureen Reagan, who gives free-loading off a famous father a bad name
Mortimer Adler
Little Stevie
David Lange
The ACLU attorneys who tried to send Walter Polovchak to the gulag
That rheumy-eyed guy from Harvard who writes those weepy books about children. Whatsisname.
Richard Lamm: This man is scary.

Judith Evans Hanhisalo of Duxbury, Massachusetts, wants to add to the list:

Lawrence Walsh and his entire secret police organization
Judge Gerhard Gesell
Adm. Eugene La Rocque

But she wants to subtract from our previous list:

Paul Weyrich

Not until he buys John Tower a drink.

William Rockwood of Canoga Park, California, reproaches:

Michael J. Fox and the entire cast of "Family Ties"
Rosanna Arquette
Marlon Brando
The makers of non-alcoholic wine

"I've tried," says Doug Rivers of Warner Robbins, Georgia, "to group my candidates for the New Enemies List by certain common characteristics to facilitate future classification at re-education camps":

Alice Walker: All on the final list should be forced to read one of her novels cover to cover.
Mick and Bianca Jagger
Gregory Peck
The 'ol Cos, Tawana Brawley patron
Gene Upshaw
Right Reverend Sharpton
Attorneys Mason and Maddox
Presbyterians
Vegetarians
"Cagney and Lacey" scriptwriters

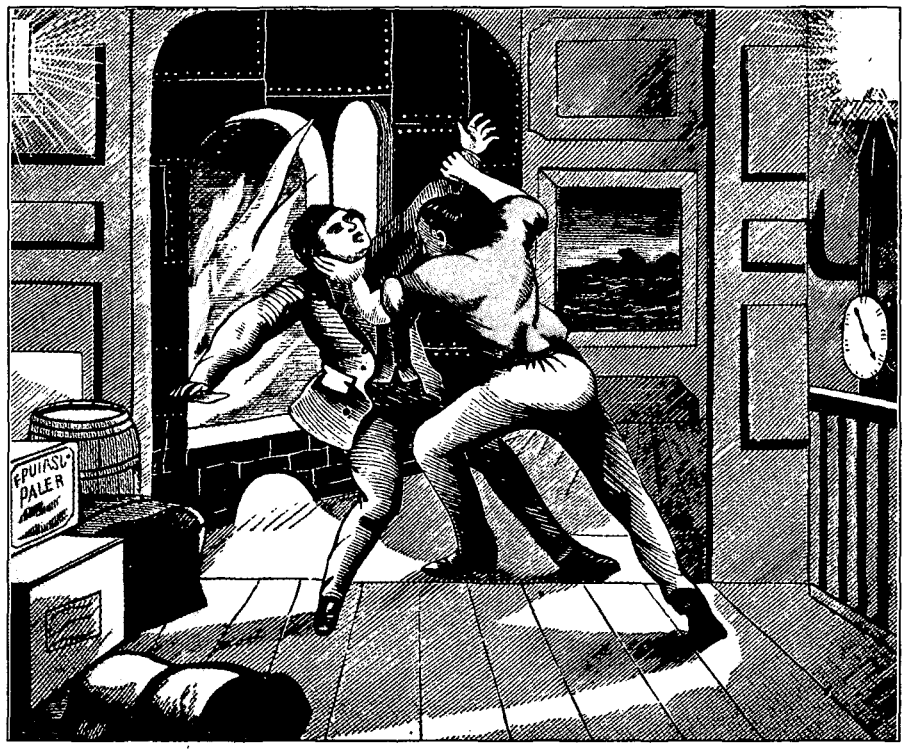
Presbyterians?

Kenneth M. Potter of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, indicts the following:

Paul Warnke
Sen. Patrick "Leaker" Leahy
"Preacher" Scotty Reston

Sammy Thompson III of Washington, D.C., writes on behalf of himself and his associates to say, "As junior staff peons at two neoconservative organizations, we join together to form the Mortals & Divine Society whose mission is to take every occasion to publicly and privately denounce and harangue those listed below":

Elizabeth Drew
Jane Pauley
Sojourners *magazine*
Jim Wallis
John Lofton
Tawana Brawley
The Other Side *magazine*
Bishop Barbara Harris
John Keker
Bishop John Shelby Spong
I. F. Stone, also on God's list
Gus Hall
Timothy Leary
Jim Hightower
Pat Sajak
Morton Downey, Jr.
John Nields
Arthur Liman
Gloria Allred
David Duke
Buz Lukens
The Kennedy Kids
Larry "Bud" Melman
Mayor Marion Barry
Leonard Nimoy
The Fairfax County "Family Life Education" program
People who use "dove" motifs
Dykes on Bikes
Eugene McCarthy
TransAfrica



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The Hollywood Women's Political Committee
The inventor of the "Visualize World Peace" bumpersticker

Joseph J. Eule, also of D.C., admonishes:

Colman McCarthy
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
A. Bartlett Giamatti: A liberal as commissioner of baseball? Something pretty fishy there if you ask me. [Obviously the Big Umpire upstairs agreed.]
Rep. Sam Gejdenson
Anybody using the term "significant other"
All Yugo owners
Smith College School for Social Work

Peter Cuikas of Leominster, Massachusetts, proscribes:

Mike Dukakis
Boston Globe *editorial page contributor David Nyhan*
Rep. Barney Frank (D-MA)
The Clamshell Alliance
Jeremy Rifkin
Sally Struthers
Bill Moyers
And my brother-in-law, who is living testimony to the meaninglessness of a college degree these days

Paul Kirchner of Hamden, Connecticut, reviles:

Oliver Stone
Linda "Is anyone going to eat that last eclair?" Ellerbee
Charles Kuralt
Paul Simon: both of them
Lillian Hellman: deceased but in need of further persecution
Paul Robeson: ditto
Norman Mailer
Kurt Vonnegut
William Styron, and anyone else who would describe Mr. & Mrs. Ortega as "poets"
Anyone who uses the term "The Third World" and "The Homeless" respectfully
Jon Voight
Everyone who sang on "We Are the World," especially that turncoat redneck Willie Nelson
Ad agency people who write jingles for giant corporations that sound like additional stanzas to "We Are the World"
Rep. Robert Torricelli
Rep. Joe Kennedy, Jr., and every other Kennedy except maybe Caroline.
Bob Geldof
David Byrne
U2
Rock groups that take up left-wing politics under the mistaken idea that they have something to contribute to society besides a driving backbeat and three chord progressions
Jack Lemmon
Morgan Fairchild
Actresses who take up left-wing politics under the mistaken idea that they have something to contribute to society besides a good look at their breasts
Dick Gregory
Philip Agee
Randall Robinson
Susan Stamberg
Nina Totenberg
Linda Wertheimer
Anyone who held a candle for Ted Bundy
Ben Bradlee
Bob "He sat up in his bed! He talked to me! I swear it!" Woodward
Garry Wills
Peter Ustinov
Pete Seeger
Arlo Guthrie
Folksingers
Poets
Mimes
Sydney Schanberg, wherever he is
Frank Zappa, former iconoclast, now boring knee-jerk liberal
Hunter Thompson, ditto
William Greider

Paul, I don't mind your putting friend and co-worker William Greider on the list because he'd be darned upset if he were left off. But you'd better watch what you say about my pal Hunter or the next time you visit your stamp collection you may find the back of your Eisenhower memorial block has been dosed with Ibogaine.

To return to our sheep, Mary and Timothy Wheeler of Shelbyville, Indiana, fulminate at length, and somewhat peevishly, thus:

Paul Erlich
Ernest Sternglass
Amory Lovins
Barry Commoner
Andrew Greeley
E. F. Schumaker
Michael Lerner
Sidney Blumenthal
Richard J. Barnet
Madalyn Murray O'Hair
Irving Howe
Robert Drinan
Norman Birnbaum
Claude Pepper: Why not? His smell hasn't changed.
Madonna
Maria Shriver
Michael Gartner, editor of the Ames, Iowa, Daily Tribune
Eddie Murphy
Janet Cooke
One Mary Farley, who described "My Love Affair with a Sandanista" in *Cosmo.* Lust on a park bench, actually.
Hodding Carter
Cybill Shepherd
Msgr. Brian Hehir
Sid and Nancy
Jack Valenti
Dr. Ruth
Kathleen Sullivan
Jean Harris
Guns & Roses
Betty Dodson
James Freedman
William Cole
Joyce Carol Oates
Tony Mandarich
Mike Tyson [Okay, Mary and Tim, howsabout *you* go tell Mike he's on the Enemies List.]
Robin Givens
Irving R. Levine
Ted Sorensen
Bob Rafelson
Alex Cox
Arthur Penn
John Denver
Richard Pryor
Judy Collins
Charles Curran
Barry Manilow
Jack Henry Abbott
Glenn Close
Safe sex
Chuck Stone
Kim Basinger
Dustin Hoffman
Sushi
Willie Horton
Candy Crowley
Carroll O'Connor
Jack Klugman
Alice Rivlin
Muzak
Harold Stassen
Mary Worth
Martin Scorsese
Candice Bergen
#12 grade river gravel [huh?]
Gallaudet College
Union of Concerned Alchemists
Scientific American
Oregon
"West 57th Street"
The U.S. House of Representatives
Everyone in the Senate whose weight exceeds his IQ by a factor of two or more: Attn: Ted
Anybody on "Saturday Night Live" in this decade
Any given Supreme Court majority or minority
Feminists in slacks
Ugly feminists
Old feminists
Ecofeminists
Feminist dykes
Masculine feminists
Anyone who uses "Ms." without wincing
Social workers
Pollsters
Therapists
Bureaucrats
Activists
Slugs
Anyone who believes in homophobia
Anyone who disapproves of it
Everyone at every prestige university except first-semester freshmen, maybe
Anyone who consciously forms "relationships"
Anyone belonging to any group that has "Coalition," "Alliance," "Community," "Solidarity," "Citizen," "People," or "Popular" in its name
Anyone who refers to "the movement" and is not talking about bodily functions
Anyone who observes, studies, analyzes, or dithers on about race, class, and gender
And a special He-Has-Grown Prize to Mikhail Gorbachev

Whew. You two don't fool around, do you?

"I am a Catholic priest: usually good-natured, and occasionally utterly exasperated," writes the Rev. Dennis P. Lyden of Bellaire, Ohio. Herewith his cases of utter exasperation:

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors
Writers, producers, and cast of Fox's "21 Jump Street" and, come to think of it, the whole Fox operation
Kurt Loder of MTV News
MTV
Writers, producers, and cast of ABC's "Head of the Class"
Jerry Jones, new owner of the Dallas Cowboys
Richard Gere
Siskel and Ebert
Sir Richard Attenborough
NAMBLA
Pittsburgh and Atlanta police departments
Burt Lancaster
Thomas Stoddard
Producers of Folger's coffee commercials
Writers, producers, and cast of CBS's "Kate and Allie"
Anyone yammering on about "spirit of Vatican II"
Liturgical commissions
Peace and Justice offices
Prince
WOC (Women's Ordination Conference)
Garfield
German, Dutch, and Belgian theologians
Expurgators of "sexist" language in divine worship
The administration of Georgetown University

An anonymous correspondent from Eugene, Oregon, blacklists:

Dwight Eisenhower: emeritus distinction
Eleanor Roosevelt: ditto
Jack O'Dell, Jesse Jackson's foreign policy advisor who's so Stalinist he couldn't win an election in the Soviet Union
The ACLU, which declared the liberation of Grenada a violation of civil liberties
National Education Association
Mary Hatwood Futrell
Children's Defense Fund
Marian Wright Edelman: While we're at it, anyone who uses three names merits further investigation.
The National Civil Liberties Emergency Committee
Victor Rabinowitz of same
The sanctuary movement and its organ Basta!
The Chicago Religious Task Force on Central America
Its leaders, Renny Golden and Michael McConnell
Prairie Fire
Franklin Thomas, president of the Ford Foundation
The Ford Foundation: Back in the original McCarthy days, the John Birch Society was wackily obsessed by the Ford Foundation, but since then the Foundation has grown into the job.

Jonathan J. Cohen, living in the very belly of the beast in Brookline, Massachusetts, lashes out against:

Marty Nolan
Ellen Goodman
Thomas Oliphant
Charles Pierce, gonzo-radical sports writer for the *Boston Herald*
Rep. Charles Rangel (D-NY)
Non-voting delegate Walter Fauntroy (D-DC)
DNC Chairman Ron Brown
Minneapolis Mayor Don Fraser
Witt-Thomas-Harris Productions ("Golden Girls," "Soap," etc.)
Crosby, Stills and Nash: Spare Neil Young because he's Canadian
People for the American Way
The up-coming movie Old Gringo: Based on a Carlos Fuentes novel, with Jane Fonda and Gregory Peck—to die for, right?
Woody Allen
Rita Hansen
Stanley Sheinbaum
Anyone who signed those pro-Palestinian ads in the New York Times
Lars Erik-Nelson and Jack Newfield of the New York Daily News: Would you believe it? Archie

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Bunker's old paper has gone lefty.

John S. Davidge of Binghamton, New York, denounces:

Jessica Lange
Robert Heilbroner
Richard Goodwin
Burke Marshall
Henry Commager
Cornell's Department of African Studies
The New Yorker
Time
Newsweek
Rudolph Guiliani
Richard Reeves
Jimmy Breslin
The EPA
John Goffman
Tim Wirth
George McGovern
Charles Shumer
John Heinz
Augustus Hawkins
Susan Estrich
Les Aspin
Robert Byrd
Edward Markey
Aryeh Neier
John K. Galbraith
James K. Galbraith
Henry L. Gates
Bishop Paul Moore
Peter Bradford
Leonard Sand
Sierra Club
Friends of the Earth
Lee Iacocca
Frances Piven
Clyde Prestowitz
Jeff Faux
Robert Reich
Kronos Quartet
Ali Mazrui
Kathy Boudin
Bernadine Dohrn
Larry Davis
Susan Tipograph
Clarence Ditlow
Joan Claybrook
Russell Means
America's Watch
The United Nations
The World Bank

Richard Bertovich of Eastlake, Ohio, is unhappy with:

Ohio Governor Dick Celeste
Any politician who uses the term "Economic Justice"
Debra Winger
Hendrik Hertzberg

Sorry that Richard feels this way, Rick, but you *did* go to work in the Carter White House.

Keith J. Yoder of Meyersdale, Pennsylvania, castigates the following with a quote from musician Steve Taylor, "They're so open-minded that their brains leaked out":

Sinead O'Connor
Edie Brickell—would enjoy pushing her into deep water
Peter Gabriel
White Lion
Megadeath
Beach Boys: Reagan can be wrong
Cyril Scott
The Grammy Awards ceremony
Robert Schuller
Ronald Sider
Faye Wentworth
Ron Reagan, Jr.
Dennis Miller [The geek whose name Bryan R. Johnson of Blacksburg, Virginia, could not remember—see last month's list.]
Environmental Media Associates
Better World Society
New Group of World Servers
Zero Population Growth
The Congressional Black Caucus
Rep. Bill Alexander (D-AR)

William C. Rice of Ann Arbor, Michigan, reviles:

Linda and Fred Wertheimer
Capitol Steps
Dr. Science
Educational Testing Service
Modern Language Association
October *magazine*

Warren Klofkorn of Manchester, Michigan, vilifies:

The Consumer Product Safety Commission
Marian Faupel, my ex-wife's lawyer
Pete Rose
United Coalition Against Racism
Ronald McDonald
George Bush, for knuckling under to the anti-gun lobby
Latter-day hippies
The DEA

And he finishes his list with this doozey—hold the calls, folks, we have a winner:

Ann Arbor's People's Communist Lesbian Food Co-op

Keith N. Dickey of Forest Hills, Maryland, censures:

Sen. Claiborne Pell
Rep. Steny Hoyer (D-MD)
Any organization that has "freeze" or "nuclear" in its title
SANE
"Race Horse" Haynes
Melvin Belli

Suzy Pollok of Houston, Texas, pleads inclusion of:

The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force

George M. Mellinger who refers to himself as a resident of "Minneapolis, People's Republic of Minnesota," rails against:

Everyone named Fonda
Anyone whose name is even similar to Fonda: With that family we can't take any chances. Let God sort 'em out.
The Mondale family
Minnesota's Governor Rudy Perpich
Sen. Dave Durenberger (R-MN)
Bob Dylan
Joe Piscopo
Neil Young: Canadian cultural imperialism!
Marion Barry
Mary Berry
Ellerbee-Wannabee Andrea Mitchell
Any Union of Concerned anybodies
Any organization that is a "Friends of . . ."
Nikolai Bukharin Fan Club President Stephen F. Cohen

Al Warmington of Cleveland, Ohio, upbraids:

The entire 185,000 members of the IRS
Adlai Stevenson III
Rep. Dan Rostenkowski (D-IL)
Leon Trotsky: Dead, 1940, but we need the hatchet back, given our Defense Department's dearth of Truly Threatening Anti-Marxist Death Machines

Jason Levine, a lonely and beleaguered conservative student at Brandeis, a branch campus of Patrice Lumumba University, gets a little of his own back at:

Lynn Samuels, NYC radio talk show hostess with the voice and sophistication of that city's cab drivers
Willard Scott: Don't fat, bald men who get rated in the "Ten Most Sexy" surveys bug you too? [No, Jason, at age 42, the idea of bald, fat, and sexy does *not* bother me. And as long as Willard bugs Bryant Gumbel, he's okay by me.]
Amnesty International
John Bon Jovi
That poor man's Berke Breathed, Doug Marlette
The Whole Earth Catalog
Oprah Winfrey, who could slim down even more if she would refrain from putting her foot in her mouth
The Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade
Gregory "I am not an American" Johnson, their stooge
Rolling Stone (Sorry, P.J.!)

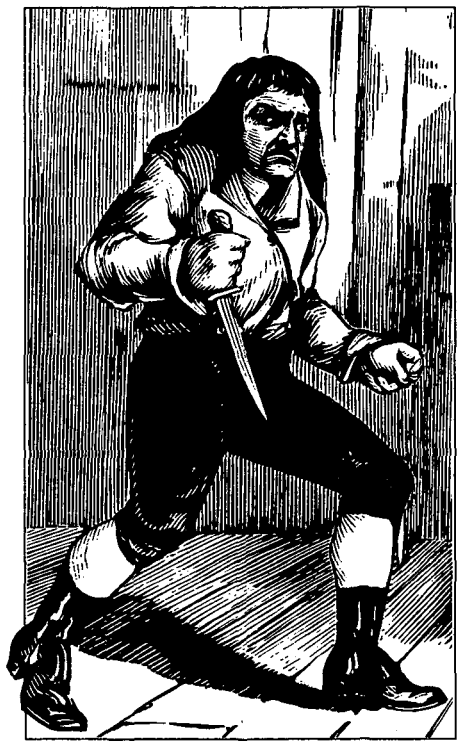
Apology accepted, Jason. But, if I'm fired, can I crash at the dorm for a while?

Joe Skilton of Portland, Oregon, reprehends:

Jerry Brown
Gerald "Jimmy and I Are Here to Help" Ford

A Chicago informant who shall remain nameless would ostracize:

Ira Glasser
Lou Palmer, columnist for the *Chicago Defender*
The Chicago Defender
ACT UP
The Windy City Times, a gay Chicago newspaper
ANC
The Ligourian
Planetary Initiative for the World
We Choose, a New Age organization for world unity



The Club of Rome
All adherents of Harmonic Convergence
The Institute for Critical Legal Studies at Harvard Law School
Tom Wicker
Tom Brokaw
Political Science and Sociology Departments at the University of Wisconsin
ABC, NBC, and CBS for '88 Republican convention coverage, including much reportorial use of the terms "right-wing" and "hard right-wing" and during which interviews with various Democrats and Jesse Jackson were allowed to overshadow speeches by Bob Dole and Jeane Kirkpatrick.
Vladimir Posner
The Humanist
Robert Sherman, head of the Illinois chapter of the American Atheists' Society
Deng Xiaoping
FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting)
Harnet Pilpell [sic]
Anyone who uses the phrase "chilling effect"
Bob Guccione
The Washington Post
The Advocate
U.S. District Court Judge Eugene Sand (re: alleged housing discrimination in New York)
Former Senator William Proxmire
CPUSA (Communist Party, USA)
Communist Socialist Workers' Party
The People's Daily World
Hollywood, California
The National Abortion Rights Action League
Operation PUSH
The Hemlock Society
Dred Scott Tyler, of flag-treading fame at Chicago's Art Institute
The Episcopal Church
The Brookings Institution
Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility
Committee for National Security
The Peace Child Foundation
Youth Project
National Lawyers' Guild
Massachusetts Fair Share
Illinois Public Action Council
Council on Economic Priorities
Economic Policy Institute

Roger Stryeski of Roselle, New Jersey, says, "I have a list for a War Crimes Tribunal when the Free Enterprise Revolution comes:"

The Department of Religious Studies at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill: They may not be pinko but any organization as unknown as they are has to be dangerous
"Hogan Family," especially their knee-jerk Comsymp shows on smoking and apartheid
New Jersey Hospital Association, for assisting the state in converting failing community hospitals to failing socialized ones
Charles Rose, newscaster
"Cousin Brucie" Morrow just because he is a %$#*-wipe

You're wrong about Charlie Rose, Roger. I bumped into him not long ago at a Popeye's Fried Chicken restaurant. No liberal eats Popeye's fried chicken for lunch without an immediate fatal coronary.

Anthony Esposito of Margate,

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Florida, keeps it brief and to the point:

Sally Jesse Raphael

Thomas Edwin Walker of La Porte, Texas, scolds:

Bono
"Bob Cat" Goldthwait
REM
Molly Ivans

Who's another friend of mine, albeit a darned liberal one. I told you something like this would happen, Molly.

David A. Stephens of Pecos, Texas, is very mad at:

Frank Sesno
Charles Beerbarrel [sic]
Richard Simmons
Michael Landon
Media Pains In The Ass in general
Any self-proclaimed scientist who lends his name to idiotic and flawed studies which advance his agenda: As someone with a bit of training in science it offends me deeply to have "Dr." this and "Professor" that lending their names to something purely political—for example, that infantile nuclear winter model.
Any organization with the words "Peoples' " or "Concerned" in its name
Luddites
Douglas Hurd
François Mitterrand
Helmut Kohl
Leader of the German Greens Petra Kelly: If she wants to sit naked in the weeds and eat dandelions, let her.
People who use locutions like "entitlement," implying that others have a right to pick my pocket
People who use "Native American": What am I, a potted plant? I was born and reared in Texas.
People who debase English by destroying words such as "prejudice" and "quality"
Anyone whom W. S. Gilbert didn't like, excepting Sir Arthur Sullivan
People who produce commercials which scroll text on the screen and then read it to you
People who don't take free advice (in my case on computers) but bang your ear anyway and then buy what the Radio Shack salesman says to
Friends, or rather onetime friends, who invite you to a party and then you discover they've become "we're-Amways"
People who chant, listen to, or produce any sort of rap whatsoever
People who ask you the same question three times, thinking that you will interim *become Enlightened and know the answer*
People who make commercials that show a dog eating and expect you to watch it with interest
People who expect you to develop your cat's palate
People who market scented and printed toilet paper

James A. Damask of Akron, Ohio, takes to task:

Anyone who uses the word "bonding" in reference to anything except epoxy glue
Anyone who uses the word "parenting"
Anyone who uses the word "wellness"
The entire cast of "thirtysomething"
Anyone who uses the word "ethnocentric"
Anyone who drives a car with a bumper sticker that reads: "You can't hug a child with nuclear arms"
Anything "New Age"
Rep. Tom Sawyer (D-OH)
Rep. Tony Hall (D-OH)
Anyone who wears or otherwise affiliates his person with a "peace" sign
Bookstores which carry Mother Jones, Pravda, *and* Soviet Life *but not* The American Spectator
Anyone whose eyes gleam when he says "bran"
The Philosophy Department at every state university
The American Friends Service Committee
The Central American Solidarity Association (CASA)
Anything "Quaker" which ain't oats
Anyone who uses the word "dialogue" when talking about foreign policy
Any female who uses the word "commitment": Okay, they ain't necessarily subversive, but I don't like them.
Any musician who uses a single word for a name
Anyone who uses the word "compassion" when talking about foreign policy
Anybody who compared the massacre of students in Peking to Kent State
VH-1
Anyone who uses the phrase "social justice"

Tom Ealey of Findlay, Ohio, cavils at:

United Methodist Bishops: any connection to the United Methodist Church is merely coincidental.
Rep. Mary Rose Oakar (D-OH)

and asks, "By the way, what is '*Tikkun*'?" [Beats my pair of jacks, Tom, Wlady Pleszczynski snuck it in the July list.]

Dr. Dennis J. Doolin, who lives in Tokyo, deplores:

Warren Beatty
Sister Boom-Boom
The entirety of Castro Street in San Francisco
Everyone who orders "Perrier with a twist"
Every reviewer who disliked Tom Wolfe's The Bonfire of the Vanities

Michael G. Smith, address unknown, looks askance at:

Dr. Seuss
Most people who call themselves "Dr." but don't practice medicine
The Greenpeace mailing list
Ralph Moyed, pinkish columnist for the Wilmington newspaper
Denver, Colorado
99 percent of college daily newspaper editors
My ex-girlfriend, if her outlook hasn't changed by the time she's thirty

Timothy A. Curry of Seattle, Washington, objurgates:

Susan Brownmiller: for writing *Against Our Will*, the Women's Movement's *Mein Kampf*
Carl Sagan and Jonathan Schell, purveyors of Nuclear Winter, the most important scientific theory since phlogiston, phrenology, and the Piltdown Man
Tommy Smothers: Remember him telling brother Dick "Mom always liked you best"? Remember thinking Mrs. Smothers was no dummy?
Ted Turner, the only known human capable of producing a documentary on the Soviet Union so smarmy that the KGB was moved to apologize for it

Luke Asbury of Mill Valley, California, is steamed. He says, "You omitted:

Sen. Howard Metzenbaum (D-OH), the most vicious enemy the Bill of Rights has ever faced, with his criminally insane campaign to abolish Individual Freedom to defend one's Person, Family, Home, and Country, and restrict firearm ownership to the Police State and the thugs.

Also," says Luke,

The entire California Legislature, mostly a pack of bumblewits and/or poltroons.

"And, sadly," he continues,

President George Bush, who broke his word and sided with the "Don't Burn the Flag—Burn the Bill of Rights!" media dupes.

This is George's second citation on the List (multiple mentions allowed because he's a sitting Chief Executive). Maybe somebody in the White House should have a look at the effect President Have-Half is having on the We-Ain't-Taking-It part of his constituency.

Thomas F. Steele of Orange County, California, has only one name for the docket but, as Tom says, "It's an eye-opener for the most populous Republican county in the country to contain such a critter":

Mayor of Irvine, California, Larry Agran, Honors Grad U.C. Berkeley, Harvard Law School, close friend of Tom Hayden, co-author of the California Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze Initiative, Executive Director of the Center for Innovative Diplomacy which has set up 80 Nicaraguan/U.S. "sister city" relationships

"I didn't know Nicaragua *had* 80 cities," notes Tom. Neither did I, but Larry Agran is welcome to go be mayor of all of them.

L. C. Carter of El Paso, Texas, inveighs against:

Rose Kennedy, and the fruits of her womb

A group of self-described "militant right-wingers in Kentucky" submit a rather peculiar roster which combines politics, music criticism, and an apparent attempt to get even on some ill-advised sports betting:

The Rainbow Coalition
Mayor Ed Koch
Sen. James Exxon [sic] (D-NE)
Rep. Chris Perkins (D-KY)
Sen. Jim Sasser (D-TN)
Gov. Rose Mofford (D-AZ)
Andy Rooney
Diane Sawyer
Paul Kirk
Michael Jackson, the singer not the radio talk show host
John Hinckley, Jr.
Soon-to-be-former First Lady of Massachusetts Kitty Dukakis
Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (D-ME)
The Grateful Dead
Joan Rivers
Metallica
Richard Daley
Union Boss Richard Trumka
Flag Burners
Abortionists [Being the last remaining pro-choice right-winger, I must disagree here. I'm all for abortion, especially the retroactive kind.]
AC/DC
Alice Cooper
Martina Navratilova
Don King
Lane Kirkland
Muhammad Ali
Toyotas [Toyotas?]
Ozzy Osborne
KISS
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
California Lt. Gov. Leo McCarthy
William "The Refrigerator" Perry
Jane Wyman: She divorced Reagan. How smart can she be? [Let us pause here to note that practically every member of the Reagan household except the Gipper himself has been named to the Enemies List. More quality time with the family, Ronald, please.]
Anthrax
Tone Loc
Draft-dodgers [Hey, fellows, this cuts a bit close to the knuckle for some of us sixties-era born-again conservatives.]
Jeanne Dixon

"The sooner we can get out a contract on the following," says Thomas H. Black of Midland, Michigan, "the sooner we can all get to work on the plan to 'clean up the environment' ":

John Catennacci
Day Care
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Eckankar
Sonya Freedman
Squeaky Fromme
Bishop Gumbleton
Oveta Culp Hobby
IMF
Albert Kinsey
John McEnroe
Bette Midler
Liza Minnelli
Muammar Qaddafi
Burt Reynolds
Rowan and Martin
The other Smothers Brother
J. D. Salinger
Bo Schembechler
Liv Ullman
Truman Capote
ERA
Dianne Feinstein
Bianca Jagger
Sen. Daniel Inouye (D-HI)
Sen. Carl Levin (D-MI)
Joni Mitchell
Nicki McWhirter
Dean Martin
Manuel Noriega
G. Bromley Oxnam
Abu Nidal
Alan Quartermain
Sen. Donald Riegle (D-MI)
Morley Safer
Tex Schramm
Frank Sinatra
Jimmy Swaggart
Mike Wallace
Foster Wynans
Katharine Hepburn
David Brinkley
Patti Davis

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Doris Day
Sally Field
The Federal Reserve System
The Gabor Family
Amy Irving
Coretta King
Robin Leach
James Taylor
Daniel Ortega
Monica Quartermain
Carl Rogers
Sylvester Stallone
Angela Sombranno
Sen. Arlen Specter (R-PA)
Tracey Ullman
X-Rated Movies
Tipper Gore
Vidal Sassoon

C. Collins of the American Enterprise Institute cries down:

Norbert Nadel
The Cincinnati Reds: a cheap shot, but one can't be too careful
Jose Canseco and any other major league player who charges for autographs: This is an obvious commie plot to debase America's native game
Jim McMahon and Brian Bosworth: just because they're horrible people
Red Auerbach and John Thompson: ditto
Jackson Browne
Bruce Springsteen, another multi-millionaire wailing about the wretchedness of capitalism
Harry Belafonte
Spike Lee
E. L. Doctorow
Bill Plante
Arthur Kropp
The post-containment George Kennan
Joseph Rauh
Andreas Papandreou
Hans-Dietrich Genscher
France
Neil Kinnock
David Lynch
Robert Hawke
Any student who comes here because his backwater, tinhorn, Third World wasteland of a country can't provide a decent education and then complains about what a repressive and horrible system we have
Robert Mapplethorpe
Would-be Armand Hammer Dwayne O. Andreas

John Paul Arnerich of Los Angeles, California, exprobates:

Mark Russell
Bill Press, California liberal sophist
David Gergen
The Detroit Pistons

Michael R. Hemmerich of Cleveland, Ohio, disparages:

Dick Cavett
Men who wear sandals
TAS *House Hoosiers:* OK, OK, just kidding!
Peter Hart
Nan Aron
Norman Ornstein
William Wimpisinger
People whose movements are engaged in a "struggle"

Indignant Methodist Thomas Donelson of Olathe, Kansas, writes "to nominate":

The Reverend George Baldwin

"to your New Enemies List. Mr. Baldwin spoke in front of the Kansas East Conference of the United Methodist Church about Nicaragua and the workers' paradise being developed there.

"Five years ago, Mr. Baldwin took a vow of poverty and moved to Managua where a vow of poverty has been easy to undertake ever since the Sandinistas took over running the economy. Despite his vow of poverty, he is going on a world's tour for peace with someone else footing the bill."

Leo Eagle of Old Bethpage, New York, tells us, "Long Island has its own brand of lefties. I say off with their heads":

Rep. Thomas Downey (D-Amityville)
Rep. Robert Mrazek (D-Centerport)
Rep. George Hochbrueckner (D-Coram)

"Red" Michaels of Birmingham, Alabama, is furious with any number of people, including some local Alabamians I've never heard of. But have at 'em, Red. We're here to serve:

Roy Higginbotham
Arthur D. Penser (Huntsville)
Frank Sievelmann (Fayette)
Earl Hilliard
Crumm Foshee
Richard Arrington
Alvin Holmes
Thomas Reed
Ted Bryant
Abraham Woods
Mary Jean Haddin
Mitch Mendelson
Frank Bruer
John Brinkley
Rheta Grimsley Johnson

And this cryptic addition:

Sieglemann

Also:

Henry Kissinger
Jaruzelski
Richard Shelby
Sen. Howell Heflin (D-AL)
Art Buchwald
Robert T. Stafford
Sen. Al Gore (D-TN)
Sen. John Chafee (D-RI)
Sen. Dale Bumpers (D-AR)
Rep. Dante Fascell (D-FL)
Rep. J. Oberstar (D-MN)
Sen. Al D'Amato (R-NY)
Sen. Mark Hatfield (R-OR)
Sen. Bob Packwood (R-OR)

Bruce Poindexter of Ann Arbor, Michigan, berates:

The editorial staff of the Michigan Daily
The entire state of Minnesota
The California Condor
The Snail Darter
The two whales freed from the ice in Alaska

Daniel K. Wattsins of New Orleans, Louisiana, carps at:

Lindy Boggs, my congressional "representative"

Larry J. King of Morrisville, Vermont, has an unusual venue of criticism. "I don't believe you'll recognize any of the following names," he says:

Alan Moore: His works include an attack on the Reagan Administration nuclear policy. He belongs to the British organization AARGH (Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia).
Frank Miller is afraid that the religious right intends to censor his work.
Denny O'Neil criticized mankind's treatment of the environment in a recent editorial and has written a story condemning the conservative churches' involvement in politics.
George Perez wrote a story in which a woman tells her "gay" brother to be proud of what he is. Mr. Perez is a committed feminist.

"What do these people have in common?" Larry asks, rhetorically. "They write comic books. Here's some more data for you to chew on:

"1. Gloria Steinem is the consultant on the 'Wonder Woman' comic written by George Perez.

"2. In Superman comics, one of Superman's best friends, Maggie Sawyer, is a lesbian.

"3. One comic used to be called 'Justice League of America' until the 'America' part of the title was removed in the interests of one-worldism."

Greg Paolano of Centereach, New York, chides:

Anyone who runs against Jesse Helms
Rep. Peter Kostmayer (D-PA)

Kip Krady, director of Accuracy in Media's speakers bureau, reprehends:

Cartoonist Feiffer, Jules
Neo-Nazi thugs everywhere and their skinhead brethren

Paul Seabury of Berkeley, California, declaims upon:

Alger Hiss
Rt. Reverend Barbara Harris, Suffargan Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts: The Rt. Rev. is a lesbian, a nuclear unilateralist, a Sandalista, a kind of theological Ron Dellums. She was never entrusted with a parish before becoming bishop, probably because no parish would take her.

Jan Beck of Seattle, Washington, dresses down:

Stanley Kramer
Defense Attaché
Legal Services Corp.
Gary Merrill
Parade *magazine* [You're wrong, Jan. And ex-Marine Viet Vet Walter Anderson who runs *Parade* will probably be glad to tell you so in person.]
Riverside Community Church
Seattle City Council, for voting Managua a "sister city," inviting the Soviets to "Friendship Games," etc.
"60 Minutes"
Anyone using the terms "red-baiting," "Commie-bashing" or "McCarthyism" without quotation marks

Our *TAS* staff assistant Dan Erech weighs in with:

"President" Carlos Duque of Panama
Mayor W. Wilson Goode of Philadelphia
Edward Dos Santos, MPLA leader, Angola
Rep. Barney Frank's "significant other"
Anyone dumb enough to vacation in Lebanon [Hey, watch it, kid.]
Craig Spence and "Professional Services"
Li Peng
Prime Minister Michael Manley of Jamaica
Javier Perez de Cuellar
Walter

And my own girlfriend, the beautiful Amy Lumet, risks the wrath of her rather liberal parents to add:

England
Amy Carter
Spy *magazine*
Musical Youth
The guy who wrote my Psych. textbook

Not that her parents actually listen to Musical Youth all that much.

I would also like to thank Joseph P. Maguire of Evanston, Illinois; Mercedes Casey of Lake Charles, Louisiana; Louis J. Tripoli of Rochester, New York; Joe Mysak of New York, New York; and Mrs. M. B. Hermel, all of whose choices for incrimination had already been incriminated by others.

And there was one final letter which contained a photocopy of the *TAS* subscription ad which lists many of the fine, thoughtful people who read our publication. My own name was added to the top of that list and, at the bottom, in crude, shaky letters appeared the message "KILL THEM ALL." Okay, Mom, cut it out. ❐

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CONGRESS IN CRISIS

Robert Stowe England

COMING TO TERMS WITH CAMPAIGN REFORM

Congress won't change its ways if the best reformers can do is argue that money in political campaigns should be further restricted. Instead, why not free up spending, so that individual donors can compete with PACs—and give challengers a chance to compete with incumbents.

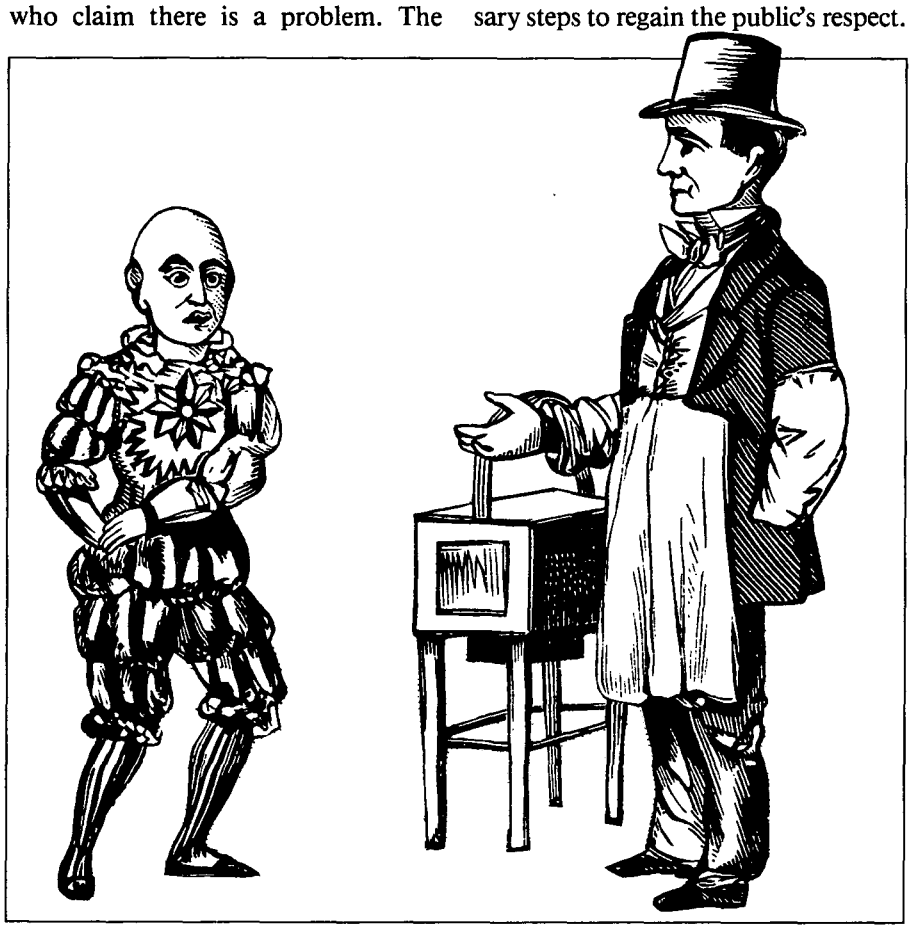
Those who think of Washington as a hotbed of the profane may be surprised to learn that at least one Bible scripture is very popular these days among those who want to reform Congress and the way in which senators and representatives conduct their election campaigns. The electoral reformers mean to quote St. Paul, who wrote, "The love of money is the root of all evils," only they shorten it to a slightly different form: "Money is the root of all Evil."

This shortening of a worthy saying ingrained in the American spirit has had both favorable and unfavorable results. On the positive side, this native wisdom makes Americans more suspicious than most about who's paying for what when it comes to politics, and makes it harder for crooked politicians and bureaucrats to prosper. The negative side is that money itself—filthy lucre, as tent revival preachers might say—is viewed suspiciously, even when no wrongdoing is involved. Only in America can a situation of "conflict of interest" be made to sound like a crime, instead of merely a possible breeding ground for crime. This American tendency to impute guilt by association is at the root of finding a solution to the problem that so many concerned citizens and organizations are fretting about—congressional campaign financing.

The growing alarm over the permanent Congress, where incumbents go on winning forever, has focused more and more on the money that allows congressmen to run and to be re-elected while often ignoring their constituencies. This year, in fact, the issue has achieved its greatest allure since Nixon's election Fat Cat scams spawned the finance reforms of 1974. President Bush has issued his own campaign finance reform package, giving the issue cachet and high visibility. A bipartisan task force has been laboring for months, promising a bipartisan breakthrough but finding consensus on only a few, mostly peripheral, issues.

The conventional wisdom is that Congress is not really serious about reforming elections. It's a winning issue for Republicans, because almost any kind of reform is likely to bring more Republicans into the House. But Republicans may be missing their chance to gain ascendancy. The Bush plan, for example, has been called the "hobble incumbent Democrats plan," by Norman Ornstein, Washington's veteran Congress-watcher at the American Enterprise Institute. Democrats, on the other hand, are shamefully slighting the need for reform and belittling those who claim there is a problem. The statement by Al Swift, the Washington State Democrat who is co-chairman of the House bipartisan task force, that the permanent Congress is a myth does not bode well for reform.

The public suspects that congressmen have become devoted to only one thing —the perpetuation of themselves in power. The ideal of serving the public seems to have taken a back seat, while special interests are riding shotgun with the men and women who write our laws. Many can quote the 98.5 percent re-election rate for the House in 1988. Yet even that doleful statistic cannot fully capture the level of electoral arteriosclerosis that is endangering the institutional health of Congress. A clearer picture of the state of competition in the electoral marketplace can be seen in a study just completed by the Center for Responsive Politics, a liberal organization that would like Congress to take the necessary steps to regain the public's respect.



The center's study, exhaustively compiled by journalist Larry Makinson, documents the amount of money spent, its source, and the closeness of the elections in the 435 House seats and the thirty-three Senate seats up for election last year. The correlation between the amount of money spent and the outcome could not be clearer. Those who spent the most money were the most likely to win. Incumbents received the most funding, incumbents won the most seats.

The study documents the growing spending gap between incumbents and challengers, which has risen from $43,300 in 1980 to $264,104 last year, a stunning 510 percent increase. Incumbents have increased their spending by 50 percent, while challengers have spent 30 percent less. Since 1984 spending by incumbents has declined, from its all-time peak of $162,000 to just $115,000 in 1988. At the same time the amount of money required by a challenger to win is increasing. In 1988 successful first-time officeholders (including some who were not running against incumbents) spent $576,000 to get elected. Incumbents spent only $380,000. In nearly 85 percent of the House races, the winner outspent the loser by a margin of at least two-to-one. In more than half of the races (230) the winner spent ten times the amount spent by the loser!

Not only did incumbents sweep the voting, they rarely had serious competition. In spite of all the spending, only thirty-seven (nine percent) of the House races could even be described as highly competitive; that is, the winner carried less than 55 percent of the vote. Another thirty-five seats were mildly competitive, with the winner gaining between 55 and 60 percent of the vote. Over 83 percent of the seats (363) were won in landslides, where the winner won by more than 60 percent. The lack of competition was spread fairly evenly throughout the country, with the exception of the mountain and western

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Robert Stowe England is a Washington writer. This is the second in a series of TAS *articles on the Great American Congress in Crisis.*

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Piedmont counties of North and South Carolina, where a regional stronghold of competition survives in seven districts.

The 1988 House "non-election" is alarming. "It's as if no one was running," says Alan I. Abramowitz, professor of political science at Emory University. Abramowitz would like to see at least 15 to 25 percent of incumbents defeated by challengers in each election "to instill a healthy respect for the voter."

The Center for Responsive Politics study found a healthier level of competition in the Senate. Incumbents carried the day with twenty-three of twenty-seven re-elected, a re-election rate of 85 percent. Of the thirty-three Senate races, twenty-nine were won by the candidates who spent more money. Only seventeen of the races were moderately or highly competitive. More than 60 percent of the campaigns were not competitive, with winners receiving 60 percent of the vote. By Abramowitz's yardstick, the Senate remained a competitive body, but just barely.

Fred Wertheimer, president of the ethics lobby Common Cause and Washington's foremost critic of campaign financing, tallies the 1988 election as follows: candidates raised $205 million, spent $142 million and incumbents had $63 million left over for the next election. Of that total, challengers spent only $37 million. According to Wertheimer, the meager funding for challengers suggests that "for all practical purposes, the challengers have been defunded." The result? The 1988 House elections were the least competitive since 1792!

Traditionally, incumbents have always attracted more money than challengers, but it was not until recently that the difference became so great as to threaten the viability of the electoral system itself. While reformers point to many villains, their favorite whipping boy is the political action committees (PACs). President Bush wants to abolish all but the ideological PACs (which favor Republicans).

Total PAC spending in 1988 was $151 million—a vast increase over the 1974 level of $12.5 million. During the elections PACs spent an average of just under $200,000 for the winning House candidates, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. That represents an average of 48.4 percent of the funding for the House winners, nearly all of them incumbents. PACs have become the single most important source of funds for House members, far outdistancing party contributions and often exceeding individual donations.

Herbert E. Alexander, director of the Citizens Research Foundation and professor of political science at the University of Southern California, believes that the election reforms of 1974—which limited individual contributions to $1,000 per candidate per election and gave PACs a $5,000 limit—"led to an institutionalization of the special-interest influence political reformers sought to eliminate." This brought immediate changes in campaign financing: "The once key role of the large donor was replaced by that of the effective fund raiser." The big solicitors—the direct-mail consultants, entertainment promoters, and those who could tap into elite money networks—became king. Individuals, who gave three-fourths of the financing in 1974, began to disappear. Because of the spending limit, total individual giving has remained static. At the same time, campaign costs have soared and forced candidates to find new sources of funding. Because PACs could donate more money than individuals, they became the chief vehicle for growth in campaign financing. The number of PACs grew from 608 in 1974 to 4,828 by the end of 1988, and became the dominant type of funding.

While labor PACs have traditionally given to Democrats, business PACs began to switch their party allegiance to the Democrats around 1984. In 1982 business PACs gave 60 percent of their funds to Republicans. By 1988 they gave 55 percent to Democrats. This switch is often attributed to a change of heart among the House Democratic leadership. Former House Majority Whip Tony Coelho, the California Democrat who left office earlier this year rather than face troubling ethics questions, is credited with convincing the Democratic party to accept, and even seek out, business PAC contributions, in return for giving PACs "access" to elected officials. While purists see that as a pact with the Devil, others see it as a misguided way to make up for the party's poor fundraising abilities.

No one has spoken out against PACs more than Wertheimer at Common Cause, who crusaded against them as early as 1974. First of all, "they increase the capacity for money to be used to buy influence," he says. He would severely limit their ability to donate and, thus, their potential to influence government. The second problem, Wertheimer says, is that PACs favor incumbents even more than other funding sources. In 1988 PACs gave $82 million to various congressional campaigns, with nine out of every ten dollars going to incumbents. Other donors, including individuals and the parties, favor incumbents by a three-to-one ratio. PACs, in short, increase the tendency of campaign financing to favor incumbents. As PAC spending rises and becomes a larger part of total campaign spending, it carries with it more funding for incumbents.

Despite this alarming picture, the academics who have studied the role of PACs most closely deny that PACs have a corrupting effect. Larry J. Sabato, professor of government at the University of Virginia and author of *PAC Power* (1984), says that when he first began to study them, he was convinced they were a great evil. But by the time he finished his book he had reversed his position. "PACs are good," he says. They bring transparency that allows the public to know who is giving what to whom, and to follow the money trail if it suspects a congressman has sold his vote. Those who spend hours poring over Federal Election Commission data, however, say that's not as easy as it sounds. Nevertheless, the data are there. Sabato would like to see PACs modestly reformed, but not abolished.

Only in America can a situation of "conflict of interest" be made to sound like a crime, instead of merely a possible breeding ground for crime.

Sabato also claims there's less to the alleged corruption touted by Common Cause than meets the eye. What congressman in his right mind would sell a vote for $5,000 and risk being tainted and drummed out of office? he asks. In short, Sabato says the "big PAC attack is an opiate that pleasantly obscures the more vital concerns and problems of campaign finance"—such as how to increase the flow of money to challengers to allow them to compete with incumbents.

As the controversy over PACs illustrates, debates on campaign finance reform often break into two camps, the idealists and the realists. The idealists want what sounds like perfection: no PACs, little or no private money, and then only in small contributions. They want public funds to pay for the races, to keep the politicians "pure." They want to limit public spending, too, claiming that this will make it easier for challengers to compete. If campaign reform is to succeed, it must be sweeping and comprehensive, and root out all the ways in which private money can influence politicians and corrupt the political system.

An even purer strain of the reformist sentiment can be found in new grass-roots organizations that are being formed around the country. One is called the Coalition to End the Permanent Congress, founded last March in Kansas City by two Midwestern Democrats(!) who lost their bids for House seats last year. Its co-chairman, David A. Stewart, a Democrat from Eureka, Arkansas, claims "Congress will not change unless the American people force them to change." The other co-chairman, Michael D. Brown of Enid, Oklahoma, ran as a Republican. They now claim 110 of the failed House challengers and a score of concerned citizens as members and plan to set up speakers' bureaus around the country to preach the new gospel. The message? The source of funding is "the ultimate evil," Stewart says. The group has already passed resolutions calling for a banning of PACs and the elimination of the franking privilege for mass mailings. Unlike most Washington reformers, the grass-roots reformers want to limit representatives to six terms and senators to two terms.[1]

A second grass-roots organization, the Study Group on Electoral Democracy, was founded by the three former organizers of the Nuclear Freeze movement. Co-organizer Randy Kehler of Deerfield, Massachusetts, says his group wants to build a widespread "citizens' movement for democracy." It is "leaning toward" a ban on private, individual donations, including small donations, even those as small as $50. It would prefer 100 percent publicly financed elections, preferably by grants, provided candidates muster a minimum amount of support from the electorate. This, Kehler hopes, would enliven elections with more challengers and even serious third-party candidates.

These idealists are worlds apart from the realists, largely academics who have devoted their lives to studying election financing. The realists believe that money will inevitably find its way into campaigns and that the problem is too little, not too much, money. Ideally, funding schemes should attempt to balance the thousands of competing interests against one another and expose them to light by requiring that they be identified. The realists like PACs but would also like to see more individual contributions flow into the system, under the watchful eye of the Federal Election Commission. They are suspicious of public financing, insisting that there be no ceiling on how much money can be spent, if public financing is chosen. They believe that nearly all the recommendations of the idealists will enhance incumbency rather than encourage challengers. These may be unintended

[1]One exception in Washington is Fred Barnes, who also would like to limit congressional tenure to twelve years. See his article "So You Want to Reform Congress?" in the September 1989 *TAS*.

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consequences, they say, but they'd nevertheless be very real. For instance, limiting PAC spending would incline PACs to spend even less money on challengers.

Aside from these two camps, there is a host of bills awaiting action in Congress. Democrats claim they want comprehensive campaign reform, yet their plans seem to belie that claim. One Democratic bill would provide limited public financing to candidates who voluntarily limit their spending, a plan that would likely strengthen well-heeled incumbents and further weaken challengers. A second bill wants a 30 percent cut in advertising costs for radio and television, but only for candidates who limit their spending—another Catch 22 for challengers. House Republicans have devised partisan plans of their own. Two of their proposals, however, merit attention. California Republican Bill Thomas wants to pass a rule requiring that a majority of all funds be raised within the district being contested. President Bush has steered clear of the Thomas proposal, but it has the support of Republican Whip Newt Gingrich. Meanwhile, Kansas Republican Pat Roberts would raise limits on contributions from individuals and political parties while reducing PAC spending, a plan that has the makings of a workable reform.

The central task, in short, is to find areas of agreement between the idealists and realists, Democrats and Republicans, incumbents and challengers. That's the view of Candice Nelson, a visiting fellow at the Brookings Institution and co-author with David Magleby of the book *The Money Chase*, to be published by Brookings later this fall. She believes the areas of agreement must address three central issues: (1) the cost of running for office, (2) the role of special interests, and (3) the lack of competition. Currently there is no agreement on special interests, especially PACs. There is almost no agreement on how to reduce costs, although some, like Nelson and Magleby, want broadcasters to provide free or inexpensive time to all candidates, and others support giving challengers free mailing privileges. There is some concurrence that there is not enough competition in House elections, but no agreement on how to increase it.

There has been some bipartisan agreement on lesser issues, such as abolishing honoraria (if pay is raised), limiting franking privileges, and not allowing congressmen to carry campaign funds into retirement. Beyond this, there is little consensus. Republicans oppose public financing for ideological reasons. Liberal Democrats oppose increasing individual giving, also for ideological reasons. The Democrats are divided on public spending.

How does one integrate all these proposals, when the area of agreement is so limited and the issues so divisive? One way might be to distinguish between what is desirable and what is politically possible.

Looking at the system in the abstract is what the idealist reformers do best. However unrealistic their remedies, their analysis is superior to that of the experts on one important point: that the issue is not whether special interests' campaign contributions cause corruption on the individual level, but whether they corrupt the entire democratic process. The experts recognize this is a problem, but take it in stride. The reformers remain defiant.

Ellen S. Miller, executive director of the Center for Responsive Politics, says the increasing flow of money and the decline in competitive races "raises the question of whether elections are bought or sold before the voting." She believes the resort to slick media campaigns, paid for mostly by sources outside the electoral district, and the demise of the political stump speech have contributed to a growing public cynicism and apathy about politics. Miller calls this development "a death knell for democracy."

Wertheimer is equally pessimistic: "The system of representative government has broken down," he says.

MY LIFE AS A CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE

It was quite late and I was in bed, just drifting off to sleep, when the telephone rang. The caller identified herself as working for the *New Republic*.

I snapped to attention. The *New Republic*! As the Republican candidate for Congress in Wisconsin's Seventh District in 1984, I was accustomed to late-night calls from journalists, usually wire-service reporters racing to meet a deadline. But never had I received a call from such an important publication.

I told her what a fine magazine I thought the *New Republic* was and how much I had enjoyed a recent article on Sandinista human rights abuses. At the same time, my mind raced ahead: How did I come to their attention? Was it my stand on family issues or defense? The quixotic campaign of a 26-year-old neophyte against an entrenched seven-term liberal incumbent Democrat? My skillful exploitation of the resentment of northern Wisconsin sportsmen toward an agreement to let American Indians ignore fish and game laws?

What would the article say, I wondered. Would it be favorable or unfavorable? It didn't really matter. Regardless of tone, a *New Republic* article mentioning my candidacy would surely unlock a torrent of political action committee contributions, instantly transforming my campaign from amateur shoestring effort to formidable, well-financed juggernaut. Big Mo was just around the corner; I could taste it.

What could I do for the caller, I asked.

"We've noticed we haven't received your subscription renewal," she said. "If this is just an oversight, we'll be happy to continue sending you the *New Republic* until we receive your check."

My dreams popped like a big soap bubble. This wasn't a reporter, it was a telephone solicitor!

On election night, 1984, I was blown out by incumbent Rep. David R. Obey, who received 61 percent of the vote. That same night, President Ronald Reagan trounced Walter Mondale in one of history's great landslides. In Wisconsin's Seventh Congressional District, Reagan beat Mondale 53 percent to 46 percent. So much for coattails.

The obvious question is *why*. Why would a 26-year-old kid with no name identification challenge the formidable 49-year-old chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, who had served in Congress since 1969, when former Rep. Melvin R. Laird vacated the seat to become Nixon's defense secretary?

The answer: almost by accident. I didn't mean to be the candidate. A native of central Wisconsin, I was working at Hillsdale College in Michigan in early 1984, when I learned that Wisconsin state senator Walter John Chilsen was mulling a run against Obey. Obey had edged the former senate majority leader in the 1969 special election to fill Laird's seat. There had been no rematch. I let Chilsen know that I was interested in helping him oust Obey. He put me in touch with his Washington consultant, who suggested I become campaign finance director.

I pored over district vote totals and read whatever I could find about district demographics, fund-raising, issues, Obey's voting record, and public speaking. It would be tough, but with a strong coattail effect from Reagan's re-election, a ton of money spent on advertising and mail, and a little bit of luck, Chilsen could win in November. I was excited by the possibilities.

When Chilsen opted not to vacate a safe seat in the state senate to challenge Obey, I was disappointed. Election after election, Seventh District Republicans had fielded token challengers with little financial support—retired vacuum cleaner salesmen, bankrupt mobile-home moguls, a fellow named Burger who campaigned wearing a chef's hat and a white apron, and so on. None had received more than 38 percent of the vote.

I stepped forward. I had the energy, the knowledge of national issues, the speaking skills, and the fund-raising prowess to be the candidate. I had a deep love for, and knowledge of, the towns and cities, forests and dairy farms of the Wisconsin Seventh District, which sprawls across all or part of eighteen of the state's central and northwest counties. I cared deeply about America's future and was a dedicated conservative. I had some connections in the conservative movement in Washington. Those were my strengths.

But I had weaknesses, too. Almost no one outside my hometown had ever heard of me. I didn't hold public office. I wasn't rich. I hadn't lived in Wisconsin for four years. And my name was really hard to pronounce, an alliterative tongue-twister which confounded broadcasters, statesmen, and voters.

I figured these weaknesses could be overcome with an advertising campaign which started with a spot where people mispronounced my name, perhaps ending with a tag line such as "It doesn't matter how you say it. Mark Michaelsen for Congress." With name identification established, spots clobbering the incumbent on issues would follow. The media campaign would end with warm, sentimental spots about shared values and dreams for a better future, loaded up with pretty Wisconsin pictures: "It's morning again in north-central Wisconsin."

With pride and gratitude, I accepted the unanimous endorsement of Seventh District Republicans. On the advice of Chilsen's consultant, I procured a promise from district Republican leaders to raise a hefty amount of start-up cash. That money would be necessary to hire a talented campaign manager and finance director, and to get started raising big money and enlisting an army of volunteers for what would be the strongest challenge ever to Obey. I packed my belongings in a U-Haul trailer to head home for Wisconsin.

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"There's no accountability to the voter." He blames it all on money, but is astute enough to argue that campaign finance reform must concentrate on increasing competition. He'd like to see a "true marketplace" of electoral competition. The only problem with this "marketplace" is that it turns out to be severely constricted by government, if not almost entirely supplanted by it.

One thing people like Wertheimer seem unwilling to admit is that it is virtually impossible to prevent the flow of special interest money to a Congress that makes its living raising and spending money. Trying to stop the flow of money into the political system is like trying to dam a mighty river. Sooner or later, Old Man Money will come over, around, or under the dam. For example, soft money—private donations made to parties, not to candidates—made a dramatic comeback in last year's presidential campaign, despite the fact that presidential campaigns are publicly financed. Wertheimer believes that the Federal Election Commission can dam the money river by enforcing prohibitions more vigilantly. Good luck! More compelling is the logic of people like Ornstein, who, echoing the views of the academic experts, believe that the only way to change the system for the better is to devise ways to free funds.

To be sure, the moment you start to release funds, you will encounter new problems. Greater individual giving will be more difficult to trace, but it will weaken the influence of PACs. Nelson and Magleby would reduce the PAC contribution limit, and increase the limit for personal donations to $5,000 per election. Increasing the contributions of political parties to candidates would also help reduce the influence of PACs. The Brookings authors would also allow soft money to flow to the parties, and they would raise the limit on party contributions to candidates from $10,000 to $30,000. This would help the Democratic party, whose fundraising abilities have grown rusty, and have thereby become a barrier to campaign finance reform.

Public spending need not be viewed with the horror conservatives usually reserve for it. One type of public spending in particular could work, if Congress can accept its cost. This would be a tax credit for small donations, $50 per person and $100 per couple. It would probably have the best chance of any type of public financing of gaining public support because it leaves control of the funding in the hands of the voter, not in Washington. Before the tax reform of 1986, there was a 50 percent deduction on small donations of this sort. Nelson and Magleby would have challengers raise a minimum from tax deductible contributions to qualify for matching grants. This would help House challengers reach the level of spending necessary to wage a competitive campaign, which generally requires $400,000 to $500,000.

Since, as Ornstein notes, the only campaign finance reform that will emerge from Congress is one that has some form of public financing, Republicans might find tax deductions palatable. This could be traded with the Democrats for increases in limits on personal and party donations. Then, retaining PAC limits at $5,000, to please Democrats, might not be so difficult. The new funding would greatly reduce the dominance of PACs.

While the outlines of a consensus can be roughly drawn, the details could make or break it, and getting political support seems very uncertain, to say the least. Perhaps what we need is a little inspiration from James Madison, and his uncanny knack of keeping his sights on the heavens and his feet firmly planted on the ground. If we accept the notion that our democracy is seriously compromised by Congress's campaign financing regime, we are halfway there. The solution will defy us, however, if we give in to Puritan instincts that seek to perfect the morals of mortal congressmen rather than channel their better instincts to prevail over their coarser ones. □

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by Mark G. Michaelsen

The months flew by, an endless stream of parades, speeches, fundraisers, and county fairs. Cows were admired, good deeds were praised, and hands were shaken.

"I'm Mark Michaelsen," I said, dratting the troublesome moniker, and offering a handshake. "I want to work for you in Washington."

"You've got an uphill road ahead of you," nodded the object of my greeting.

"I'm Mark Michaelsen," I said, extending my hand. "I want to be your congressman."

"Ah, you've got a tough row to hoe," observed my new acquaintance.

Maybe it was the Ogema Christmas Tree Festival. Or the Spooner Rodeo. Or the Central Wisconsin State Fair.

"I'm Mark Michaelsen," I said, smiling and proffering my calloused mitt. "I'm running against Dave Obey."

"You've got a tough, uphill road to hoe," said the voter.

Exactly! This unintentional mixed metaphor perfectly described my plight. Imagine a man using a garden implement to try to dislodge asphalt from a road running almost straight uphill, like one of Hercules's mythological labors. That was me.

The money trickled, not poured, in. The promised Republican cash never materialized. The PACs, seeing no "viability" (their word for a snowball's chance in hell) in my election, weren't about to invest in my race. I faced the American campaign Catch 22: I couldn't raise money until I showed momentum, I couldn't show momentum until I raised money.

Top consultants were hired, then fired. My campaign manager quit; he said he was homesick for Chicago. And, worst of all, my opponent ignored me—ignored my stinging press releases, critical of his votes on school prayer, national security, and federal spending; ignored my call for debates throughout the district; ignored my very existence as a candidate.

At least I had the van.

A small group of hometown supporters had purchased an aging Ford Econoline, painted it red, white, and blue, and outfitted it with a bed and desk. But most impressive was the public address system, which allowed me to blare Sousa marches at deafening volumes while I greeted voters along parade routes.

One day I was late for an interview at a television station in one of the district's remote cities and I couldn't find a place to park. Desperate, I left the van in a parking ramp near the studio. After the interview, I was leaving the ramp when I noticed how low the ceiling was getting. Suddenly I heard a sickening crunch. My roof-mounted loudspeakers crashed to the ground.

I retrieved them and continued my progress toward the exit. Headroom continued to shrink. Twenty feet from the exit the van's roof began to scrape on the concrete ceiling. I had to let nearly all the air out of the tires to finally escape. Behind me, a dozen cars were lined up, their egress blocked by my embarrassing plight.

What kind of idiot was causing their delay, I could feel them wondering. "Michaelsen for Congress," answered my van in eight-inch letters.

As the grand finale to a candidate training school sponsored by the National Republican Congressional Committee, would-be GOP congressmen were herded into the Gold Room of the White House to be photographed with the President and Vice President.

I was somewhat nervous and tongue-tied when I met the Leader of the Free World. I should have said, "Mr. President, dairy farmers of northern Wisconsin are concerned about your agriculture policy" or implored him to come campaign on my behalf. Instead, I mumbled something about having worked for Hillsdale, which he had visited and praised. President Reagan grinned genially, and we sat. He hadn't heard a word; I'd spoken in his bad ear.

As we sat in the ornate chairs by the fireplace, cameras whirring, he cocked his head and said, "Wisconsin. That's just north of my old stomping ground in Illinois." He leaned forward and put his hand on the arm of my chair. He was a nice man.

We shook hands and I left, to be replaced by another candidate. I was already kicking myself for being such a boob with President Reagan. I fared better with the Vice President.

I'd met George Bush twice before, during the 1980 Wisconsin presidential primary. I inquired about one of his sons whom I'd also met in 1980. He became quite animated. His son and daughter-in-law were expecting their first child any day.

Newcomers to my current office see my pictures with Ronald Reagan and George Bush and assume the photographs are clever forgeries purchased from an arcade.

Election night found me in a local watering hole, appropriately named The End of the Line, watching returns and swilling something strong with a few of my friends. As the returns came in it was clear that I had lost, and lost big. For most of my acquaintances from campaign school, the night would end similarly. That night only thirteen GOP candidates would unseat Democratic opponents despite the avalanche of support for President Reagan at the top of the ticket.

For me, it could have been even worse. Although Obey outspent me nearly five to one, my 92,507 votes were both the highest total and highest percentage of votes cast against Dave Obey since he was elected in 1969. I won one northern county and lost another by only five votes. I won my hometown by a landslide, but lost my home county. My campaign treasury finished with a slight surplus; I owed no creditors. The worst possible result would have been to amass a huge debt, come very close, and lose; that might have tempted me to run again in 1986. At least now I would never have to wonder what I could have done differently to put me over the top. □

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William Tucker

THE ECONOMIES OF PUBLIC HOUSING

Forget the HUD scandals. The real scandal is that most Americans haven't a clue as to the progress made under Presidents Reagan and Bush in getting rent vouchers to those who can't afford the high cost of housing in our overregulated urban markets.

After lying dormant for almost a decade, the energies of American reform movements have finally begun to coalesce again around the issue of housing. As homelessness becomes a perennial issue, as thousands of protesters march on Washington shouting "Housing, Now!", as reports of scandal at the Department of Housing and Urban Development mount, the "housing crisis" appears to be rising to the top of the nation's agenda.

The very act of marching on Washington begins with the assumption that the solution to housing problems lies with the federal government. The thread of the argument usually runs like this:

(1) The Reagan and Bush Administrations have made vast cuts in federal assistance to housing. The most commonly cited figure is budget authorizations for HUD, which have been reduced from $32 billion in 1981 to $7 billion in 1989. These reductions are responsible for the nation's alleged housing shortage.

(2) Homelessness is the result of the federal government's failure to build new public housing. In 1979, it authorized 54,000 new units of public housing. In 1984, the figure fell to zero and has not risen above 6,000 per year since. As public housing starts have fallen, homelessness has risen.

(3) What federal programs remained have been done in by scandal. Under the leadership of Reagan HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce and his executive assistant, Deborah Gore Dean, HUD squandered millions in federal housing funds on political favoritism and middle-class subsidies. When a group of Washington housing activists was photographed picketing Dean's Georgetown townhouse last summer, the argument came full circle. People are without housing in New York and Los Angeles because of stinginess and corruption in Washington.

Satisfying as this scenario may seem, it does not describe the nature of the nation's housing situation. The first two premises are incorrect. The third, although accurate in some respects, is essentially beside the point.

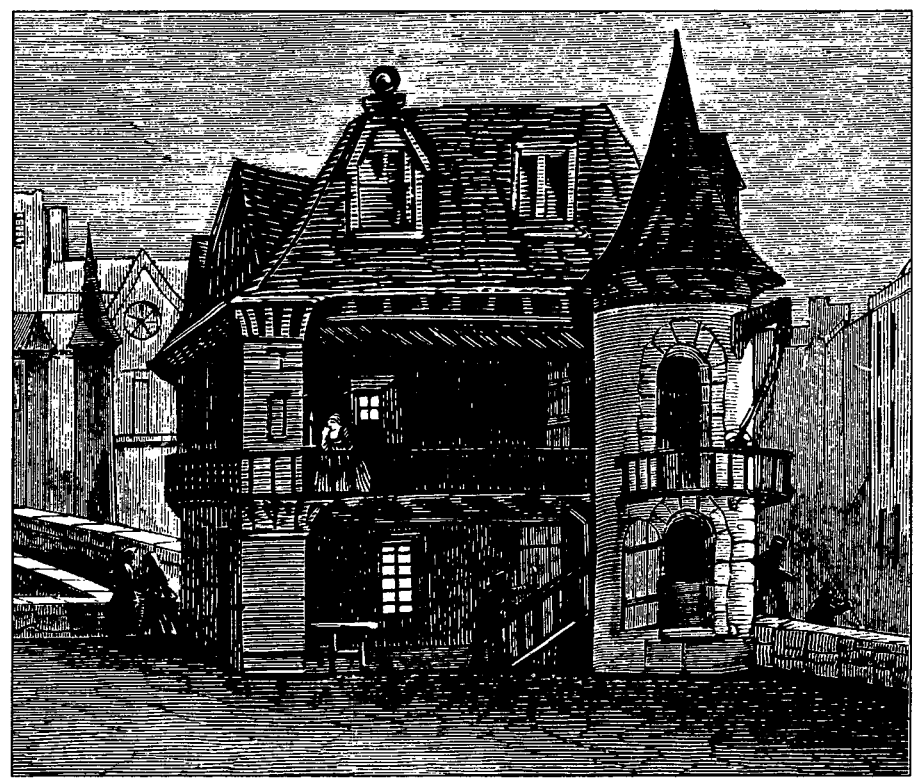
For one thing, federal low-income housing assistance has not declined, but is considerably higher than it was in 1980. Actual outlays rose from $5.7 billion in 1980 to $13.8 billion in 1988. Even discounting inflation, this is an increase of more than 75 percent. The number of households receiving housing assistance has risen from 3.1 million in 1980 to 4.2 million today.

What does that say for the reduction in budget authorizations from $32 billion to $7 billion? The point neither the critics nor the press recognizes is that authorizations are not the same thing as spending. They are merely commitments to spend money in the future. The main reason authorizations have been reduced is that the Reagan Administration began to get the country out of the expensive, long-term business of building housing and into the far more sensible strategy of issuing rent vouchers. Authorizations have declined because the federal government now commits itself to five-year vouchers rather than to 40-year mortgages. Yet the amount of money spent each year may increase—and actually has.

Secondly, although the Reagan Administration cut authorizations for new public housing units, that did not bring public housing construction to an end. There were already tens of thousands of units in the pipeline from the Carter and Ford years. While an average of 10,000 public-housing units were brought on line each year during the late 1970s, the figure has risen to more than 20,000 in the 1980s. None of this can be credited to the Reagan and Bush Administrations, which have been phasing out public housing construction. But it completely undercuts the argument that a lack of new public housing is the cause of homelessness.

Finally, the HUD scandals, egregious though they may be, are really not much more than a sideshow to the whole housing situation. The program in which influence-peddling occurred —the moderate rehabilitation program under Section 8 of the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974 —makes up only a small part of the federal assistance programs. Most of the money went to low-income housing anyway—the only question was which state or municipality would get it. The money paid to James Watt and the late John Mitchell was not embezzled out of the federal treasury. It was paid by private developers trying to get federal funds directed into their communities. As perhaps not enough people have pointed out, this "influence-peddling" hardly differs from the influence-peddling congressmen practice every day in trying to steer federal dollars into their own districts.

In short, the easy analysis that the housing crisis originates in Washington does not stand up.



At the same time, there is no denying that there is a housing crisis. It is tangible in many parts of the country and particularly acute in certain metropolitan areas. Tent cities have sprung up in New York and Los Angeles. The rising numbers of homeless are obvious to anyone who walks the streets of Washington or San Francisco. On a national average, the amount of income paid in rent has risen steadily from 23 percent in 1973 to more than 30 percent today. Over 40 percent of tenants now pay more than one-third of their income in rent and 15 percent pay more than half.

William Tucker, our New York correspondent, is currently a media fellow at the Hoover Institution. His new book, The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policies, *is being published this December by Regnery Gateway.*

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Yet paradoxically, the nation has never been better housed. National rental vacancy rates are at 7.8 percent, the highest figure in two decades. The number of substandard units has shrunk to insignificance. Overcrowding is essentially a thing of the past. As James Hughes and George Sternlieb point out in *The Dynamics of America's Housing* (1984), there is now one bedroom for every American.

How to account for such poverty in the midst of plenty? The answer can be found by looking at the vast differences that occur from city to city.

Houston, for example, is a growth-happy community with no zoning and rental vacancies of 18 percent. Condominiums start at $50,000 and luxury apartments rent for $350. Landlords often give away several months' free rent just to lure tenants into their buildings. Housing is affordable and homelessness is relatively low. In San Diego, where voters have twice turned down rent control, vacancies are at a normal six percent and homelessness is low, despite the city's proximity to the Mexican border. Low-income housing has been helped immensely by a zoning reform that has allowed private investors to build single-room occupancy (SRO) hotels. While Los Angeles is trying to condemn the last of its SRO hotels because they could not withstand major earthquakes, San Diego is building new ones.

San Francisco, on the other hand, is so opposed to development that it has limited the construction of new office space to the equivalent of one large building per year. The city has had rent control since 1979 and rental vacancy rates are below two percent. Anti-growth sentiment is rife in the Bay Area. In suburban Redwood City, for instance, vigilantes recently burned down twenty single-family-home construction sites, causing $2 million in damage, after the city council lifted a two-year building moratorium.

The problem is not the ability of American industry to produce housing. The housing industry can produce all the housing we need. The problem is where to *put* the housing. More and more, people are saying "Not in my back yard," and more and more municipal governments are letting them have their way.

The lesson is clear. The "housing crisis" is a local problem. Cities and metropolitan areas that have practiced exclusionary zoning and rent controls have a housing problem. Those that have allowed the market to operate do not. Yet when cities that have over-regulated find themselves facing a low-income housing shortage, they rarely blame themselves. Instead, they run to Washington.

If bogus concerns about "spending cuts" were the only measure of the general misunderstanding of the housing situation, that might be tolerable enough. What is remarkable is that, in the midst of all this, the press and public have managed to miss what is perhaps the biggest housing story of the 1980s—the long-sought introduction of an efficient, economical system of housing vouchers that have replaced public housing construction and revolutionized federal housing assistance.

The 50-year effort to build public housing has always been dogged by an obvious question: Why is it necessary for the government to build housing in the first place? We don't deal this way with other commodities. If people need food, does the government go out and start running farms? If the poor need medical care, do we build poor people's hospitals? Instead, we set up programs like food stamps and Medicaid that help the poor participate in the general economy. So why do we build special housing for poor people?

Federal housing assistance has not declined, but is considerably higher than it was in 1980.

The question has become even more relevant as the nation's housing stock has improved over the years. In 1937, when federal public-housing programs began, substandard housing—"the slums"—was still a compelling concern. Much of the nation's housing was woefully inadequate and in need of replacement. One basic argument for public housing was that the government was needed to do the job.

As the efforts of private construction have brought nearly all the nation's housing up to adequate standards, however, this argument has faded. Indeed, since the 1970s, the problem in central cities has more likely been *too much* housing, which led to the abandonment of sound stock. Cities like Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis are plagued with unused, boarded-up buildings, rather than housing shortages. In these circumstances, adequate maintenance, rather than new construction, has become a much better strategy.

Since the 1970s, a consensus has emerged among housing experts that—except where the market is distorted by no-growth and rent control—the nation essentially has enough housing to meet people's needs. In 1982, the President's Commission on Housing reached the same conclusion—current housing stocks are adequate. Instead, tenant *income* is the problem. Many poor people still spend an inordinate portion of their income on rent. The best assistance would be to provide rent supplements to help low-income households pay for the housing that is available.

The result was the introduction of housing vouchers in 1984. Recommended by housing experts as diverse as Richard Muth of the American Enterprise Institute, Anthony Downs and Henry J. Aaron of the Brookings Institution, and the Kaiser Commission on Housing (appointed by President Lyndon Johnson), housing vouchers have long promised to solve the problems that have plagued public housing. These include: (1) its tendency to concentrate the poor and promote racial segregation, (2) the inequities created by giving a very large subsidy to only a few of the people who are eligible, and (3) the tendency of many federal housing programs to wind up benefiting the middle class.

A new unit of public housing now costs the government about $9,000 a year. Vouchers, on the other hand, cost the government $4,500 a year, providing the average tenant with a $325-a-month rent supplement at little overhead. Vouchers do not promote segregation or concentrate poverty, since tenants are not restricted to government projects. A family can spend its voucher anywhere it wants, moving across the country if it likes. Most important, because vouchers cut costs in half, more people can be served with the same amount of money. This is why the Reagan and Bush Administrations have been able to *expand* housing assistance while holding back spending increases and cutting budget authorizations.

Finally, vouchers are better targeted to the poor. In 1974, among households making less than $5,000 in 1987 dollars, only 16 percent were being served by federal housing assistance, while six percent of households making between $20,000 and $25,000 were being assisted. By 1987, 31 percent of households below $5,000 were receiving federal assistance, while only three percent of households in the $20,000-$25,000 range were being assisted. Besides being cheaper and more efficient, vouchers end up in the hands of the right people.

Although almost completely unrecognized, then, housing vouchers have been one of the success stories of the 1980s. How did the Reagan and Bush Administrations manage to pull off this revolution in the face of so much indifference, hostility, and misinformation? It hasn't been easy.

In fact, probably the best way to appreciate the accomplishment is to spend a few minutes reviewing the history of public housing programs. The trail is marked by fiascoes like urban renewal and "vertical ghettoes," wends its way past many failed "public-private partnerships," and leads through the numerous embezzlements and rip-offs that have dogged previous programs. The recent scandal at HUD is hardly the first time a federal housing program has collapsed in charges of corruption. The promise of the voucher system is that it doesn't have to happen again.

The Housing Act of 1937 is generally regarded as the start of federal housing programs. Conceived in the depths of the Depression, the Housing Act was perceived both as a way of providing decent housing for the poor and as a method of reinvigorating the housing industry.

Under the program, the federal government would only supply the funds to build the housing. The projects themselves would be operated by the municipal housing authorities. Operations and maintenance expenditures would be paid for out of the rents. (This has long been abandoned and the federal government now supplies $1.5 billion in operating subsidies and another $1.5 billion in modernization funds, which go for long-term improvements.) After a fast start, building was interrupted by the war, but by 1954, there were about 500,000 units around the country, most of them in low-rise projects.

Although it is generally forgotten—even by supporters of public housing—one of the major arguments for public housing was that the building industry—made up as it is of thousands and thousands of small developers—was simply too small and inefficient to provide Americans with housing.

Writing in the *New York Times Magazine*, in 1939, Albert Mayer, a *Times*' reporter who wrote frequently about housing, argued:

> The small-scale, speculative nature of the private production of houses entails wastes which the builder can counterbalance only by low wages and inferior construction. He cannot meet the real problem of labor costs . . . because his operations are too sporadic and do not permit him to invest capital in equipment that would economically permit all-year work. Consequently he pays a scale of wages that is higher because the workmen cannot count on steady employment. Also he pays dearly for his supplies from manufacturers, since in many cases they, too, produce during only part of the year and for the rest must let their plants stand idle. . . .
>
> Altogether, then, it is clear why the people have come to realize that private enterprise, under present conditions, is simply unable to build and maintain satisfactory

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homes in large cities on a scale of rentals that the low-income families can afford to pay. Nor can private investment create a stable pattern within which our cities can develop adequately with regard to their functions of work and life. These tasks, if they are to be discharged, must be tackled by government with a large-scale program of housing accompanied by city planning.

The sense that the private building industry was not up to the job of building America's housing continued to dominate federal policies after the war. In 1946, one of the first things Congress did was to transform Section 608 of the Housing Act of 1942—designed to build GI housing—into a large-scale program for private apartment production. The new Federal Housing Authority (FHA) was called in to guarantee mortgages and encourage builders to put up new housing.

In 1965, housing expert Charles Abrams, in his book *The City Is the Frontier*, looked back at the outcome of this program:

> For twelve years, the . . . arrangement sanctioned by Congress went on without investigation. Emboldened FHA officials . . . told builders they could inflate their cost estimates, their land prices, their architectural and other fees. Builders did not hesitate to oblige. A whole web of deception was spun which made it possible for the knowledgeable to build projects with costs running into the millions without investing a dime.
>
> Some [builders] made dummy leases between themselves and wholly owned subsidiary corporations at a spurious rent for ninety-nine years. FHA would then insure a mortgage on the leasehold and upon default would have to pay the fictitious rent for the duration of the lease. The mortgages insured by FHA so far exceeded investment that builders withdrew millions above what the project cost. . . .
>
> Three speculators put up only $6,000 for a $12,500,000 project in Virginia. They each went on the payroll for $20,000 a year; each got his $6,000 back in a few weeks, and when the building was completed, there was $2,450,000 left over from the mortgage, which they promptly pocketed.

The "608 scandals," which finally blew open in the 1950s, were the nation's first great housing scandal. The lesson to be learned was simple. Trying to give subsidies to the builders of housing, rather than the tenants themselves, is a risky business, prone to corruption.

Meanwhile, the supposedly moribund American housing industry was going on the greatest building binge in history. Concentrating on the suburbs, the industry provided home ownership for millions of people not previously believed capable of affording it. At the same time, the suburban boom also emptied the cities. This older housing was quickly occupied by blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other urban immigrants. Yet even then, much housing was still available. In the 1960s, many cities had vacancy rates between 15-20 percent and worried about having too much housing. This spreading abandonment was called "urban blight."

There is no denying that there is a housing crisis, yet paradoxically the nation has never been better housed.

In answer to urban blight came a program called "urban renewal," which became perhaps the biggest federal housing fiasco of all. Under Title I of the Housing Act of 1949, cities were allowed to designate residential areas as "slums" and acquire them by eminent domain. The federal government would reimburse cities for two-thirds of the cost. The cities would then demolish existing housing and sell the empty parcel to private developers. There was never any provision for replacing existing slums with federal public housing. Nor were existing residents promised anything more than vague "assistance" in finding new housing. The commonly acknowledged goal of urban renewal was to "attract the middle class back into the city" by replacing slums with new housing for the middle class.

Few people are now willing to venture exactly what Congress thought was going to happen. Given a federal mandate and federal dollars, however, cities began doing something they had wanted to do all along—demolish their black slums. In city after city, residential areas were leveled without anyone having the slightest idea what would be put in their place. Nashville tore down an entire black area, arguing it was an "eyesore." St. Louis and Detroit cleared huge neighborhoods which then stood vacant for over a decade. In Stockton, California, urban renewal leveled thirty-two black churches.

In 1961, Jane Jacobs published *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, arguing that urban renewal and high-rise public housing projects were tearing apart the social fabric that held cities together. Urban planners, she noted, had an extreme aversion to commercial uses and would rather surround buildings with green lawns and "keep-off-the-grass" signs than stores where people could buy a cup of coffee or pick up a newspaper. Her book, roundly condemned by enthusiasts of redevelopment, is still scoffed at in planning circles. ("She thinks everybody can live in Greenwich Village," is the common reaction.)

In 1964, Martin Anderson—then a young graduate student at MIT, later President Reagan's principal domestic policy adviser—published *The Federal Bulldozer*, which pointed out that, even on its own terms, urban renewal was a failure. The vast stretches of vacant lots were hardly rebuilding the cities' property-tax base, he noted. When private development was attracted, it was often necessary for cities to subsidize it anyway, further reducing the scant advantages.

Anderson also put the spotlight on the obvious scandal—that hundreds of thousands of poor people were being removed from their homes and left with no alternative housing:

> If standard housing is available at rents they can afford in convenient locations, why haven't they moved long ago? Perhaps they were not aware of it. If this is the case wouldn't it be far simpler and much cheaper to advise people of these attractive bargains without going to all the trouble of tearing their houses down?

"Anderson may be dismissed as a trog-lodyte," wrote one critic, "but some of his charges are annoyingly hard to refute."

In the end, urban renewal ultimately fell victim to the rising political consciousness of blacks themselves. Not for nothing was the program nicknamed "Negro removal," and much of the early rhetoric of the civil rights movement was directed against it. When Congress finally attached realistic relocation expenses to the program, it died of its own weight. Urban renewal was quietly put to death by the Nixon Administration in 1974.

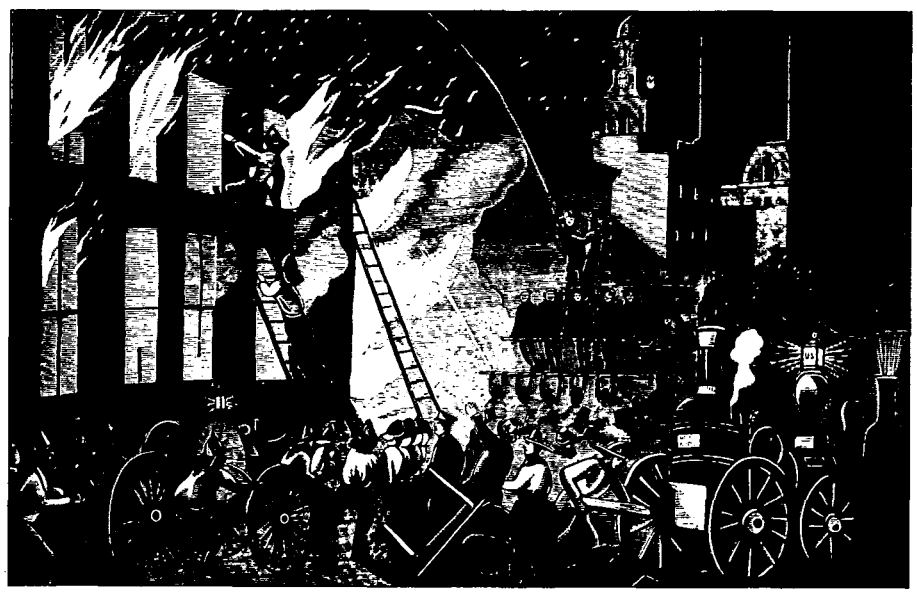
In 1988, *Time* magazine could write: "The redevelopment binge of the '50s and '60s came disastrously close to indulging the American antiurban instinct to the point of no return. . . . The resistance of Charleston, S.C., and Savannah to Great Society efforts to clear their slums account for those cities' remarkably intact historical districts today."

After achieving some early successes, in the 1940s and '50s, public housing by the 1960s was also running into difficulties. At first, "the projects" had been limited to the "submerged middle class" of the Depression—people who had middle-class habits but whose fortunes were ruined by the Depression. The early tenants were often called "the aristocrats of the slums" and admission was regarded as a ticket to upward mobility. Housing authorities prided themselves on 100 percent rent collections. In a 1942 *New York Times* article, officials claimed that juvenile delinquency had been all but eliminated. The dream of a benevolent, government-sponsored environment for the poor seemed to be coming true.

As this "submerged middle class" moved on to home ownership, however, the housing authorities were left facing an ever-dwindling constituency. By the 1960s, the old standards were coming under severe pressures. For a while, the housing authorities tried to stick to the old ways. As late as 1965, residents in Chicago projects underwent annual housekeeping inspections. Unmarried mothers were banned and families could be evicted if a member was a drug addict or if a breadwinner was in jail.

At the same time, for reasons that made sense in terms of utilizing urban land, the housing authorities began to build high-rise projects. More poor people could be served at less cost in bigger buildings. The planning and architectural communities generally lent their approval. When the huge Pruitt-Igoe complex opened in St. Louis in 1955, it won a major design award.

Unfortunately, these high-rise com-



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plexes quickly became "vertical ghettoes." It wasn't entirely the fault of the designers. The housing authorities came under tremendous pressure to open up their doors to the most pathological of the poor. When civil liberties groups took up the cause in the mid-sixties, the gates flew open. Projects quickly "turned"—their elderly white tenants and stable black families fleeing—and public housing was on the way to becoming the drug battlefields of today. Only seventeen years after it was constructed, the 3,000-unit Pruitt-Igoe complex was dynamited as "uninhabitable."

As urban renewal collapsed in disgrace and as the mandate for public housing projects came into doubt, the Johnson Administration took a new tack. It would try to involve the private sector in the production of public housing. Never one to do things by small measures, Lyndon Johnson announced a plan to replace all 6 million substandard dwelling units in the country within ten years. This meant building 600,000 new units of public housing per year at a time when annual production had never exceeded 40,000.

The ambitious Housing Act of 1968 introduced two new programs—Sections 235 and 236. Under Section 235, poor people would be helped to buy their own houses with special FHA mortgage guarantees. Under Section 236, private and non-profit groups would be encouraged to build multifamily rental housing with "shallow" subsidies that would reduce mortgage interest rates to one percent and provide special allowances for accelerated depreciation.

Inheriting the program a year later, Richard Nixon and his HUD secretary, George Romney—to everyone's surprise—made it work. Three years later, the effort was nearly on schedule, with 1.3 million new units constructed. Yet by 1973, both programs had collapsed in disgrace.

The Section 235 program proved to be the biggest boondoggle. Con artists went out and found dilapidated urban dwellings, gave them a paint job, and then lined up poor people to buy them. The con artist himself often made the $200 down payment, leaving the owner to pick up only the small monthly mortgage payment. The FHA, under extreme pressure to loosen its standards, guaranteed the mortgage (often with a kickback to the FHA official).

In cities like Philadelphia and Detroit, the houses began to fall apart within months. Facing a balky plumbing system or failed boiler, the new owners—unacquainted with the exigencies of home ownership—often went to the bank demanding the necessary repairs. When owners found themselves facing thousands of dollars in maintenance expenses, they walked away, leaving the FHA holding the bag. Over 20 percent of sales had gone into default when the program was halted in 1973. Perhaps even more significant, only 13 percent of the people who got homes actually proved to be poor. In a familiar pattern, the subsidies had drifted up toward the middle class.

Section 236 fared little better. Most privately sponsored projects were syndicated through real estate trusts, which concentrated on the accelerated-depreciation benefits. Yet these 15-year schedules—in real estate terms—gave the owners a very short-term interest. When the new projects began running into management or maintenance problems, the investors walked away, once again leaving the FHA holding the bag.

The lesson to be learned from the "608 scandals" was simple: trying to give subsidies to the builders of housing, rather than the tenants themselves, is a risky business, prone to corruption.

The 236 program proved notable for the remarkably poor performance by non-profit organizations—often seen as the salvation for housing problems. Unions, church groups, and other amateurs all failed at a phenomenal rate. Foreclosures on the non-profits ran at 33 percent for senior-citizen projects and 65 percent for low-income family projects. Among the professionals working on limited profits, the rates were seven and 31 percent respectively—still high compared to the normal two percent rate of failure on profit-making ventures. Once again, only 43 percent of the tenants actually proved to be poor.

By this time, President Nixon had had enough. In January 1973, he placed a moratorium on all federal housing programs and asked Congress to come up with something manageable. This was one impoundment of funds that stuck in the courts. Even as the administration unraveled in Watergate, Congress was forced to rethink the issue. Three days after Nixon left office, President Gerald Ford signed the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974, which finally changed the emphasis of federal programs from housing construction to rental allowances.

The idea had been kicking around for decades. It had been mentioned in the 1937 debates and Charles Abrams recommended it in the 1960s. Milton Friedman had been a proponent for decades.

Congress, however, was still somewhat wary. The idea of simply handing money directly to tenants and letting them spend it wherever they wanted ran against their basic instincts. As a result, even though Section 8 of the Housing Act set up a system of rental supplements, the program soon became almost indistinguishable from all that had gone before.

The bill set up Section 8 "certificates" covering three different categories: (1) new housing, (2) existing housing, and (3) substantially rehabilitated housing. (A fourth category, "moderate rehabilitation," was added in 1978.) The federal government would pay the difference between 25 percent of the tenant's income (since raised to 30 percent) and the "fair-market rent" of an "acceptable" dwelling unit.

Once again, the rent certificate did not go to the tenant but to the landlord or developer who built or rehabilitated the project. Certificates were also made good for fifteen years—far longer than a tenant was likely to stay in one place but tailored to meet the needs of the housing providers. In effect, the tenant became a pawn moved around the board by bureaucrats and developers.

When the Reagan Administration came to office in 1981, it found that the Section 8 program—which was supposed to give power to tenants—had simply become another version of public housing. The administration threw out the new-construction program and tried to eliminate the rehabilitation programs as well. (It was the portion of these programs that Congress refused to drop that became the focal point of the HUD scandals.) Instead, it concentrated spending on the Section 8 existing-housing program. Then, in 1984, the administration persuaded Congress to fund a true housing voucher—a five-year commitment that the tenant can take anywhere.

There are now about 221,000 vouchers in circulation with 50,000 more being issued every year. (HUD regularly asks for 100,000, but Congress cuts the request back.) Tenants seeking federal assistance also seem to prefer them. John Burns, director of the San Jose Housing Authority, recently reported that, for the first time, people who become eligible for public housing units are asking for vouchers instead. The newspapers, however, didn't approve. The *San Jose Mercury News* immediately wrote a paternalistic editorial chiding poor people for preferring vouchers and urging them to stick to good old public housing.

When they get around to admitting that vouchers do work, critics argue that they should be made an entitlement, like food stamps. The National Low Income Housing Coalition, which recommends such a plan, has estimated it would cost HUD $35 billion a year—about triple its current budget. Yet such an expensive program seems unlikely in light of current budget restraints.

So, the obvious question arises, if federal vouchers are such a success, why is there still a housing problem?

The answer is that, despite their many, many advantages, vouchers can't work in a city where overregulation has restricted the availability of housing. In Boston, for example, 40 percent of all vouchers are being returned unused because the recipients can't find apartments, even with federal subsidies. In New York, the figure is 60 percent. Both cities have strict zoning and rent control.

Even critics of vouchers admit they seem to work in cities with adequate housing markets like Phoenix and Dallas, but are all but useless in cities with tight housing markets like Boston and New York. Yet they never bother to ask what it is that makes housing plentiful in Houston and almost unattainable in New York, San Francisco, and Boston. The answer is local housing policies.

In one sense, then, the solution to the housing problem does lie in Washington. At some point, Congress or the President is going to have to face up to the problem of disruptive local regulations. A proposed provision of the National Affordable Housing Act of 1989, sponsored by Senators Alan Cranston and Alfonse D'Amato, which would force cities to justify "all policies that effect return on residential investment"—meaning rent control—certainly bears watching. HUD Secretary Jack Kemp's suggestion to sell public housing to tenants is another step in the right direction.

The Reagan and Bush Administrations have set us on the road to solving the 50-year-old riddle of how to provide housing assistance to the poor. Yet as long as municipalities are allowed to wall themselves off, restricting development and protecting the interests of current residents at the expense of newcomers and outsiders, we are going to have a "housing crisis." If it takes a federal initiative to overcome these local policies, then the solution—strange as this may sound—probably does lie in Washington. □

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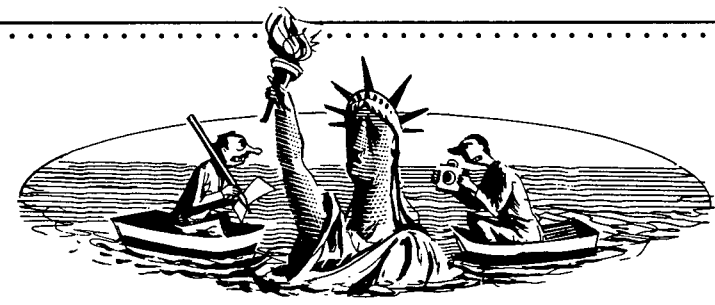

NO RUNS, NO DRIPS, NO ERRORS

by Terry Eastland

George Bush is succeeding where Ronald Reagan did not. His White House generally does not leak to the news media, at least not in the nasty, personal way the Reagan White House did.

To be sure, tidbits about policy do trickle out, some authorized, some not. For example, the President's national drug strategy was so thoroughly (and for the most part intentionally) leaked during August that little of it was real news by the time it was officially released on September 5. But the top hands in this administration have tended to refrain from knocking each other anonymously through the media. Only a handful of stories have been of this kind. There was some anti-Sununu stuff, and the flare-up between Secretary of State James Baker and White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray. These appeared early in the administration, and such stories have been the exception, not the rule.

Credit for this relatively high degree of tranquility goes to Chief of Staff John Sununu. Contrary to early speculations about his tenure, he has created few, if any, real enemies within the administration. He hasn't locked the President in the Oval Office (as though this were possible) but has kept the door wide open. Far from discouraging conversation and argument within the Cabinet, he has positively encouraged it.

All in all, Sununu has not done the things that create the conditions under which backbiting leaks occur. In one respect, at least, Sununu has proved the truth of old adage: personnel is policy. All by himself, Sununu is an anti-leak policy. Unofficial, but effective—so far.

• • •

Policy leaks are one kind, leaks personally attacking someone another. Still another kind are those involving a criminal investigation. In early August the Justice Department announced a new policy: under a statute covering theft of government property, it would henceforth consider prosecuting government employees who leak information obtained from a criminal investigation. Previous policy (found in the *United States Attorneys Manual*) did not permit this sort of prosecution. The reason: to protect government whistleblowers.

The change in Justice policy came about after a CBS report in late May which suggested that Democratic Rep. Bill Gray was under criminal investigation.[1] The story, based on unnamed "Justice Department sources," turned out to be not only incomplete but wrong in a key particular—Gray was not himself under investigation. He and other House Democrats demanded (and got) an investigation of the leak. And some, including Rep. Don Edwards, said new laws might be needed to prevent leaks in a criminal inquiry. Before Edwards could introduce new legislation, however, Attorney General Richard Thornburgh announced the new policy, which provoked reaction. "While we feel strongly about leaks," wrote Edwards and Rep. Charles Schumer in a letter to Thornburgh, the department "should not be turning to measures that would infringe upon the First Amendment. . . . We have to object strenuously." Suffice it to say, the media covering the Justice Department also objected strenuously.

What is going on here? First of all, regrettable journalism, accompanied by unprofessional conduct on the part of government officials, has now led to questionable public policy. To rely on anonymous sources in reporting criminal investigations can be dangerous. Individuals said to be under investigation may in fact be innocent. And the investigative enterprise itself may be compromised, as apparently happened in the Felix Bloch case (another "investigation" story that was reported on the basis of anonymous sources, by ABC).

But why must a law that governs the theft of government property, and was not intended to be applied in this context, be enlisted in the effort to prevent leaks? There already exists a body of laws and regulations that would seem to do the job. The only possible explanation is that none of them provide for as stiff a penalty. You can be imprisoned for up to ten years for violating the theft of property law.

That's a lot of time—as much time as you can serve for disclosing classified national defense information, a far graver offense than leaking to CBS about Bill Gray. The new policy, in short, proposes a sanction that is disproportionate to the wrong it seeks to remedy. The better course to take in such cases is not criminal at all but administrative—reprimands, suspensions, firings—which is already available under Justice Department guidelines.

It will be interesting to see whether the department ever prosecutes an official found to be leaking in a Gray-type situation. My own guess is that it will be a distant day in the twenty-first century before such a suit is ever brought. The real purpose of the new policy seems to be deterrence, which can work only so long as the threat of prosecution is credible. It is possible to go a year or two, maybe three, without a prosecution and still maintain deterrence. (A cynic might say: as long as the current attorney general is in office.) Ironically, the more reporters write about the new policy, on the theory that to publicize it is eventually to win its reversal, the more it works as a deterrent. And it *is* working, perhaps too well.

Reporters who cover Justice say the new policy is preventing not only disclosures of unauthorized information but also conversations about everything else—unless it is the attorney general or one of his designees who speaks. More than one reporter told me: "The place has clammed up." This may be self-serving hyperbole: another journalist indicated he had been able to get answers to his questions. But if not thoroughly clammed up, Justice is tighter-lipped than at any time in recent memory, and most reporters don't like it. They claim Thornburgh is trying to "manage" department news for his personal benefit. The issue that was originally joined as *Leakers* v. *Gray* and became *Thornburgh* v. *Leakers* has changed again, to *Reporters* v. *Thornburgh*.

Reporters object to Thornburgh for a related reason: he has said it would be appropriate for Justice to subpoena their telephone records in order to identify leakers. Such a policy would force reporters to reveal their sources. Knowing this might happen, sources would quit being sources—at least over the phone. And without sources, modern journalism loses much of its power.

The Justice Department actually threatened to subpoena CBS for telephone records in its investigation of the Gray leak. As I write, there's been no subpoena. And I doubt there'll be one, in this or any other leak investigation.

Terry Eastland is resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.

[1] See my "Gray Matter" in the September *TAS*.

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Justice will probably wind up saving the power to subpoena for more serious (and politically favorable) situations—a terrorist bombing, for example. Here again, the idea behind subpoenaing media phone records in order to find a leaker may be rhetoric only, designed to influence behavior, at least in the short run.

For now Thornburgh may be succeeding in his campaign to prevent leaks, but not without costs. Some reservoir of good will in the media can prove helpful in a time of crisis, which the Thornburgh Justice Department has yet to experience.

Meanwhile, Thornburgh's anti-leak effort has unfortunately diverted attention "from the press's recent habit of overplaying pseudosensational stories." Those are the words of *Time*'s Laurence Barrett, in reference to the Gray and Bloch stories, among others. Barrett's September 11 piece inspired one by Richard Harwood, ombudsman for the *Washington Post*, titled "The Problem With Sources." Barrett and Harwood have the right focus. More problematic than the new Justice Department policy is the media's shoot-from-the-hip mentality, often on the basis of unnamed sources.

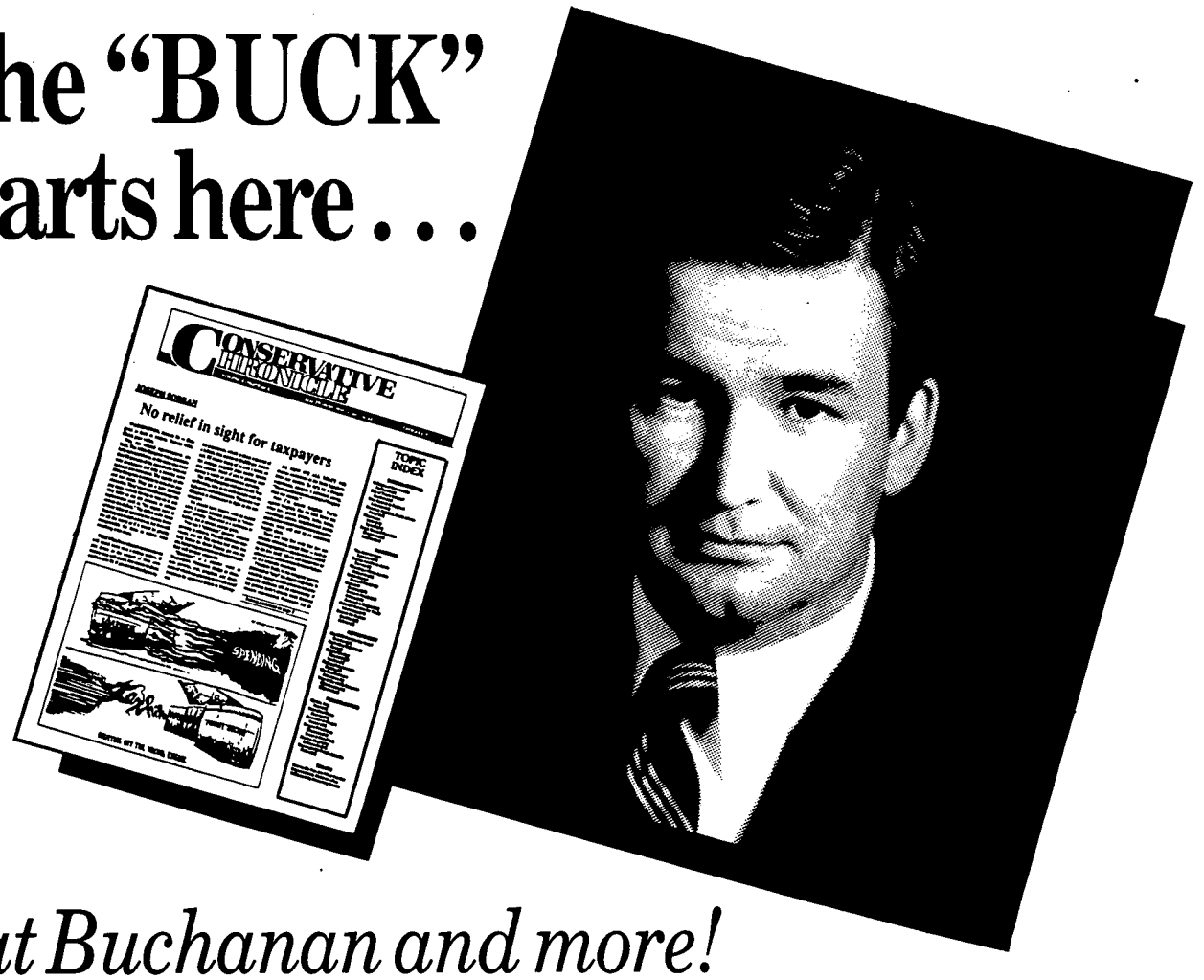
• • •

On August 25, the *Washington Times* led its editions with: "Sex sold out of congressman's house." The sex was of the homo- and bi-varieties, and the congressman was Democrat Rep. Barney Frank. Reporters George Archibald and Paul M. Rodriguez had broken an amazing story that they continued to report in subsequent days.

For those who don't live in the City of Scandal, here are the basics. In early 1985 Frank answered an "escort/model" advertisement in the *Washington Blade*. The ad read: "Hot bottom plus large endowment equals a great time." This is what brought Frank to Stephen Gobie for some paid gay sex ($80). At the time, Gobie, a convicted felon (possession of cocaine, among other things), not only sold himself for sex but also ran an "escort" service. Frank liked the guy and says he decided he would try to reform him. According to Frank, "a sexual relationship turned into a friendship." Using what he calls "personal funds," Frank hired Gobie as a personal aide and housekeeper (the two men dispute how much Gobie was paid), and let him use his Capitol Hill apartment and car. Gobie didn't reform, however, continuing to sell himself and others for sexual services, using Frank's house and car as sites of, well, engagement. Frank fired Gobie in mid-1987 after learning that Gobie had been using his apartment for prostitution. Gobie claims that Frank knew all along what he was doing. Sodomy is a felony in the District of Columbia; so is engaging "the services of a prostitute." Frank has not been prosecuted and says he is guilty only of "bad judgment"—allowing himself to be "conned," as he puts it, by Gobie. Frank, one of whose specialties is "government ethics," is now scheduled for an investigation by the House ethics committee.

Barney Frank's political fate to one side for the moment, what's more interesting about the story is what it says about the national media. Let's start with the *Washington Times*. The story confirmed the kind of paper the *Times* has become: a brash, shoot-at-the-*Post*, fun-to-read publication. On the day Archibald and Rodriguez broke the Frank story, the *Times* ran a companion piece explaining how they confirmed the prostitute's tale. Gobie had come to them. The newsmen were skeptical, but they went to work. The result? "The facts were uncovered at last," bragged the *Times*, "by the exercise of fundamental shoe-leather journalism." You will not find that kind of self-congratulation in the *Post* or any other paper in this town. The *Times* is different, and its difference attracts readers. →

The "BUCK" starts here...



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Curiously, however, the *Times* also demonstrated that it has much in common with other media. As often happens with a "proprietary" story (i.e., one a paper breaks and regards as "its own"), the *Times* overplayed some parts of it. On September 13, for example, the *Times* led the paper with the unsurprising decision by the House ethics committee to open an investigation. The story didn't rate that kind of play; it should have gone below the fold, or inside (where the *Post* and others placed it). The *Times* also ran advocacy stories—stories with a point of view the newspaper conceives and for which it then finds "sources" willing to offer supporting quotes. Thus, it led its September 8 editions with "news" that "senior Democratic officials" believe Frank has embarrassed the Democratic party and should resign. The story had only one of Frank's colleagues on the record. The others spoke on "background." One heavily relied-on source was a "key congressional aide." What the *Times* was doing here was no different from what other media have done with government officials caught in scandal or accused of malfeasance.

In early September, while the *Times* pursued the Frank story from every conceivable angle, other media in Washington did not. Of course, the story could not be ignored; on August 26, both the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* ran front-page (below the fold) stories. But thereafter there was little new reporting by anyone other than the *Times*. Instead, there were sympathetic portraits of Frank done by reporters who've covered him over the years.

Why such gentle, gingerly treatment? Frank is a political liberal, and many Washington journalists are more in tune with his views than those of, say, Newt Gingrich. But there's more to their handling of the Frank story than simple ideological compatibility. Popularity is a major factor. Frank is an always available source of credible information and good quotes, and the media like that. As one columnist told me, "Barney always returns our phone calls, he always makes our prose more colorful with his quotes." Even in crisis, Frank is witty. "I'm going to stay off astrology as well as politics," he quipped in response to a question about his future.

Also, Frank is smart, and the media tend to like intelligent people. And he is good at media relations, and the media admire that. When in 1987 he wanted to announce his homosexuality, he planted a question with a reporter, to be asked in the presence of other reporters. Just this June it was Frank who, precisely because he was homosexual, could say explicitly what some thought the infamous RNC memo on Tom Foley suggested, namely that Foley, like Frank, was homosexual. When the memo began to circulate on Capitol Hill, Frank convened numerous impromptu press conferences and attacked it, completely changing a dynamic that had put Democrats on the political defensive on the "ethics" question, and providing journalism an opportunity finally to deal with the Foley rumor. [2] Reporters appreciated that.

And there is one more factor: Frank's homosexuality. Few in the media want to be accused of "gay" bashing.

Whatever Frank's future in Congress, it is doubtful whether he can ever again be an effective spokesman for his favorite causes, including (ironically) those of "government ethics" or homosexual rights. And his relationship with Gobie, whatever the truth of certain disputed claims, is an embarrassment to those Democrats who want to attract a constituency broader than the readership of the *Washington Blade*. By mid-September, considerations like these moved important friends of Frank to urge him to resign. On September 17 the *Boston Globe*, a long-time supporter, called on the congressman to quit now rather than await the House ethics inquiry.

The *Globe* editorial, together with a *Newsweek* cover story on Frank appearing the following week, has spurred the Washington media to take more interest in the Frank story, though not in any "fundamental shoe-leather" sense. While the media remain generally sympathetic toward Frank, they now believe they have something to "report" that in the past they have proved very good at reporting: the fall of a politician in "ethics trouble." The *Globe* editorial and the *Newsweek* cover piece (a "wrecked political career," it said of Frank's) suggested to news editors that the end is near.

So now, in late September, the lemming-like quality of the media is on display, with the production of stories that taken together produce a conventional wisdom. As good a place as any to find such is the *Wall Street Journal*'s front-page "Washington Wire." On September 22, it let the world know, in italics no less: *"Sentiment grows that Rep. Frank ultimately will leave for political and personal reasons."*

We'll see. A more interesting question is whether Frank or any of his numerous media sympathizers will recognize that what he did to get himself in such hot water was more than just "bad judgment." □

[2] See my "House Foleys" in the August *TAS*.

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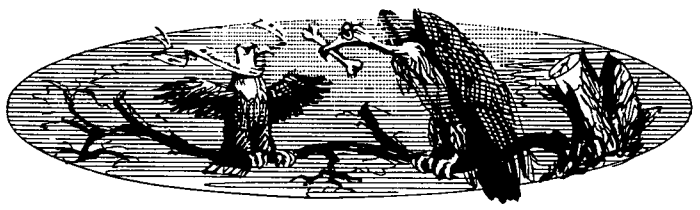

THE YEAR THEY LEGALIZED DRUGS

by Victor Gold

Give Up Drug War;
Legalize Drugs Instead
—Headline on a column by Lynn Scarlett, *USA Today*, circa 1989

Yes, well, all things considered, just say that by the 1990s it was an idea whose time had come. Left, right, and elsewhere, voices were being raised for a George Aikens-type conclusion to what everyone called the drug war. In those days, understand, *war* was the metaphor-of-choice among domestic crisis-mongers, and twenty years before, Aikens had been the senator who shrewdly surmised that the best way out of Vietnam was to declare a victory and split the scene. Nobody took him seriously then, but two decades later a coalition of neo-Aikensians put some fresh spin on the senator's idea. Why not, they asked, just declare a *defeat* in the drug war and call off the dogs?

It was an odd coalition, all right. From the American left, Anthony Lewis argued in favor of "social and economic measures to reduce the appeal of drugs," while the actress-philosopher Shelley Winters, in the second volume of her ongoing autobiography, pointed out that if heroin had only been legalized in 1955, "drugs would not be the blight they now are in the U.S." From the entrepreneurial right, Professor Milton Friedman was lecturing William Bennett, the drug war generalissimo, that "illegality creates obscene profits that finance the murderous tactics of the drug lords," with Lynn Scarlett of the Reason Foundation and columnists William F. Buckley, Jr. and Joseph Sobran singing the same tune. Elsewhere, the *Economist* of London and the Democratic mayor of Baltimore, Maryland, joined hands across the water to urge a pragmatic rather than a prohibitive attack on the drug problem.

Not that the coalition always sang in harmony. Some of the anti-war activists insisted that it wasn't *legalization* they wanted but *decriminalization*. Still, the bottom line (another of the grinding clichés of that era) was that, as far as drug pushers and users were concerned, legalization and decriminalization were peas in a pod, distinctions without a difference.

Then, too, there was the question of what drugs ought to be legalized. Not everyone shared Miss Winters's enthusiasm for putting heroin on the Agriculture Department's approved list. But once Friedman's premise was accepted —that free-market principles ought to be applied to the drug trade because "repressive measures" were only making "a bad situation worse"—who could draw a line?

So it came to pass; by a 330-92 vote in the House and a 91-5 count in the Senate. The war was over. There was dancing, not to mention pushing, in the streets of Manhattan and Medellin.

Yes, indeed, an idea whose time had come; though it didn't quite work out the way we expected.

They say the trouble with generals is that they're always fighting the last war. As it turned out, the drug legalizers were thinking in terms of the last *peace*, the one brought on by the Twenty-first Amendment.

"As an illicit business," wrote Lynn Scarlett, "drug trading falls into the hands of criminals lured by high black-market profits. In 1919, alcohol prohibition led to increases in homicides. Its repeal in 1933 brought dramatic reductions in homicides. . . . Legalization of drugs would have similar results."

So much for tidy analogies. In theory, fine, but in practice it didn't work out because illicit or licit, the drug business stayed in the same hands, down in Medellin. All those free-market experts and not one of them saw the difference between the Chicago bootleggers of the 1920s and the Andean mob of the 1980s.

Legalize, said Friedman, and drug prices will fall, the "obscene" profits will disappear, and the street killings will stop because the "drug lords" will move on, just as the bootleggers moved on after Repeal.

Milton, Milton . . . I don't know Lynn Scarlett from Scarlett O'Hara, but how could *you*, of all experts, have missed the point? *Supply*, Milton, *supply*. Who controls supply controls the market, remember? There was a legitimate alcohol industry *before* Prohibition, so when Repeal came to pass it was just a matter of reopening the Kentucky distilleries and Midwestern breweries. But who did you expect to supply the drug market after legalization, Milton? R. J. Reynolds-Nabisco?

In fairness, the legalizers were half right. At first, the price of street drugs *did* fall . . . but only because the cartel knew a few things about the law of supply and demand. Lower prices, new customers. Lots of new customers. (Why not? If there were anything wrong with it, it wouldn't be legal.) But then, after their new customers were hooked, supply suddenly ran short. Price-fixing, that's what cartels are all about, remember, Milton?

So drug prices shot up again, with profits as "obscene" as they'd been before legalization. I mean, it wasn't as if the vendors had to worry about a consumer revolt. Their customers, they knew, would do whatever it took to work up the money for their daily fix; just as the neighborhood street dealers —the Fuller Brush men and Avon ladies of the 1990s—would do whatever was necessary to hold on to their sales territories in America's fastest growing industry.

Homicides and street crime? Well, yes, except we no longer refer to it as a *war*. With drugs legalized, the daily body count is viewed as more of an *environmental problem*.

You know, like industrial waste. The last I heard, the head of EPA plans to talk to the CEO of Medellin, Inc. when he flies to the States next month to talk to the Securities and Exchange Commission. The cartel, it seems, wants to go public, get on the big board in New York. Personally, I can't see it, but who am I to say? No doubt it's another one of those ideas whose time has come. □

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

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BREAKING AWAY

by Juris Kaza

Summon the kalpi!
Summon the serfs!
Out of the dark forests,
On to the roadway . . .
Tomorrow or the day after,
She'll awake, our lady,
Queen Latvia!
Seven hundred sad years,
She has slept by the sea . . .
—Popular Latvian rock song, 1987

What's between the lines of Latvian rock music one year is happening on the streets two years later.

Vehicles ranging from smart-by-Soviet-standards Hungarian Icarus buses to thousands of private Zhigulis and Moskviches lined the shoulder of the main highway between Riga and the Estonian border. Traffic poured along feeder roads, flashing lights and blowing horns, the mouths of passengers gaping in song as mud-spattered *kolkhoz* buses carried the *kalpi* or "serfs" of Soviet agriculture to the roadway where well over one million people would form the Baltic Chain on August 23, 1989.

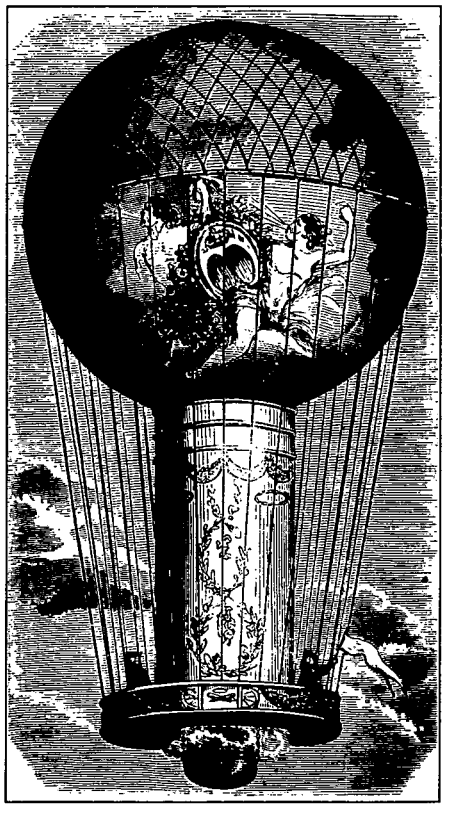
It was the single largest voluntary gathering in European history for a single purpose: to demand independence for Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. It was a barehanded, unarmed army, perhaps the single largest moral force every gathered by the oppressed in the Soviet Union against their oppressors.

From a helicopter,[1] trying to keep my video camera focused on the road unwinding below, I was struck by what a verdant, beautiful countryside Latvia has. It is the England of rolling meadows with grazing sheep and cows folded together with great helpings of the birches and pines of Scandinavia.

The expanses of forest—are they like those where the *meza brali*, the "forest brothers," held out into the early 1950s? With the Kremlin, backed by Gorbachev, thundering against this peaceful manifestation, one wonders whether the thin armor of world opinion will protect the Balts any better than the desperate, scattered struggles of the late 1940s. These failed.

Though it is evening—the bells will toll for all to link hands at 7:00 p.m.—wisps of mist rise from the dark green forest. The groupings of trees and shrubs around the country homesteads give meaning to the untranslatable Latvian concept *lauku kulturainava*, the "countryside-scenery-shaped-by-culture."

But other forces have been at work, too. One homestead is a gutted wreckage, like an aerial shot after a bombing when I replay my tape. The surrounding *kulturainava* is slowly covering it with low shrubs, almost as if the vegetation wished to put a blanket over the corpse of its own manor. Perhaps its owner was among the 60,000 rural Latvians deported in 1949 to speed collectivization.



On some farmsteads, no doubt parts of a *kolkhoz* or *sovkhoz* now, barns and outbuildings sag as if made of wet, gray cardboard. They are actually of weathered wood. And everywhere, roofs of corrugated sheet metal glint in the low sun, a touch of Third World shantytown less than an hour by air from Finland or Sweden.

The bells rang and hands linked. We circled the center of Cesis, a picturesque town with a stone church some fifty miles northwest of Riga. The line snakes by the obligatory statue of Lenin in the main square. The human chain is a symbolic referendum and a street celebration at the same time. We are too high and flying too fast to see faces, but people by the tens of thousands are as standing tall and proud as the trees lining the highway.

Hundreds of images and descriptions of the August 23 demonstration have been beamed out to the world. No one can doubt any longer that the Baltic states want their complete independence restored, nothing more, nothing less. But if we are to believe Latvia's Soviet legislature, then all these people, as the Latvian saying goes, *lauzas valejas durvis*, "battered down an open door."

The Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic on August 23 could have celebrated nearly a month of the "complete sovereignty" declared by its Supreme Soviet on July 28, and encompassing all of the nation's natural resources, industries, agriculture, and so on. Unlike Estonia's similar sounding defiance of Moscow in November 1988, the Latvian SSR's "declaration of independence" was, fortunately, greeted with less international fanfare.

"God bless the LSSR!" Janis, my journalist friend greets me with a bitterly ironic smile, mocking the first line of "God Bless Latvia," independent Latvia's national anthem. "And don't forget, *Azija*[2] is our common home!" His irony about the once-banned national anthem and the play on Gorbachev's slogan of "a common European home" show that many Latvians perceive and understand the "great game" going on behind all the headline-grabbing demonstrations, singing, and flag waving.

While Latvians take to the streets, their local Soviet rulers are busily working on a Potemkin-village model of parliamentary democracy whose main aim is to overturn the United States' and other Western countries' non-recognition of the Soviet annexation of the Baltic states. The "new look" Latvian SSR, according to the Soviet scenario, will outwardly resemble a sovereign, democratic state so much that it will be embarrassing for the United States not to take a second look at non-recognition. A considerable effort is underway, both through the "Declaration of Sovereignty" and the drafting of liberal-sounding legislation on the specific trappings of nationhood, such as "Latvian SSR citizenship." Here much work has been done by Juris Bojars, a former professional KGB officer turned law professor and Popular Front activist. Bojars has also argued that occupation regimes, such as the one undeniably created in Latvia after the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939, could be legitimized through certain political processes, such as the alleged democratization of Latvia's public life.

The reformed, sovereign republic, envisioned by the *gaisie speki* or "forces of enlightenment" in the Latvian Communist party, may even face "temporary economic difficulties" such as fuel and raw material shortages and plead for international help. Edvins Inkens, a highly popular TV journalist (also on

[1]Some two weeks after my helicopter ride with a Latvian television crew, the Latvian KGB, in a widely publicized statement, accused me of violating restrictions on foreign visitors and threatened unspecified consequences for me and the others involved. According to an announcement signed by the KGB that appeared in the September 17 edition of *Cina*, the Latvian Communist party daily, I am to be barred from travel to Latvia for five years.

Juris Kaza is a Latvian-American freelance journalist who frequently visits Latvia.

[2]*Azija* meaning "Asia" is metaphorical Latvian slang for conditions of filth, despotism, and chaos. It is not consciously meant as an insult to the modern, clean, efficient nations that make up the real Asia in 1989.

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the KGB-maligned helicopter ride), presented such a hypothetical situation to Wisconsin Sen. Bob Kasten, who was attending an international conference organized by Latvia's National Independence Movement. The senator diplomatically replied that he, personally, would be inclined to assist Latvia in such a situation.

Feelers have also been sent out to Latvian-American exile organizations as to how they would react if Latvia were "cast adrift" economically by the USSR, but not recognized by Washington. The hope here would be to turn around the very effective Latvian/Baltic lobby on Capitol Hill to support the "independent" Latvian SSR, through images of malnourished children huddled in heatless flats (there are enough such scenes without the republic being economically expelled from the USSR). The "cast adrift" scenario—also buttressed by a Popular Front-sponsored competition on "Economic Models of Latvia in Extreme Circumstances"—somehow ignores the possibility that instead of cutting off Latvia's energy and raw materials, the crumbling remains of the USSR would sell the country anything it wanted for foreign currency. There are a number of economic activities in Latvia capable of generating foreign currency, such as handicrafts, furniture making, fisheries, and, at a later time, agriculture. Also not to be dismissed is the eventual export of labor, with the authorities taking a cut of the hard currency paid for Latvian crop pickers, computer programmers, or even dentists.

At the same time, some variations on the "extreme circumstances" theme are not to be dismissed. One possible future, as a female Latvian TV journalist put it, "is something like that video film *Mad Max*." A glance at a few summer issues of the Latvian *milicija*, or police, weekly, *Kaujas posteni* ("On the Battle Line" best translates the sense of it), records one young man found shot to death, a woman chairman of a cooperative shot to death at 2:00 a.m. through the window of her house, and the curious episode of a man in the Riga suburb of Kengarags who was firing a rifle out the window at a parked Zaporozhets. Such random use of firearms is quite common in some parts of America, given the use of drugs and alcohol, or simply the prevalence of malevolent craziness. But the incident in Riga's Kengarags showed the gunman to be firing a 1937 model sniper rifle with a telescopic sight and silencer. This bears the marks of someone practicing for future career opportunities in gangland murder.

Speaking of murder, the death toll from murder or manslaughter in Latvia, at midyear, was over sixty, which is pretty appalling for a country of just over two million and no tradition of violence. Latvian television reported in June that two of the then-latest victims were an old woman and her four-year-old grandchild in the provincial town of Daugavpils. They were surprised in an apartment by *tiritaji*, "cleaners-up" who did just that with anything of value, especially Western electronics. These anecdotal samples of violence and corruption add up to a pattern that suggests the Baltic could easily decay into a lawless warlord and gang society rather than turning into a democracy once Soviet power lost the last of its authority.

But in the "forces of enlightenment" scenario, which sweeps such unpleasant alternatives under the rug, there will be the semblance of democracy, even if it is *ar nabaga tarbu*—"with the beggar's bag." After a grab-and-run at any available Western aid, the Baltic states, with the support of "freely" elected legislatures, will "voluntarily" join a new Soviet confederation. Then *Azija* will be their common home, now and forever, and the deed, 50-plus years in the doing, will be done at last. □

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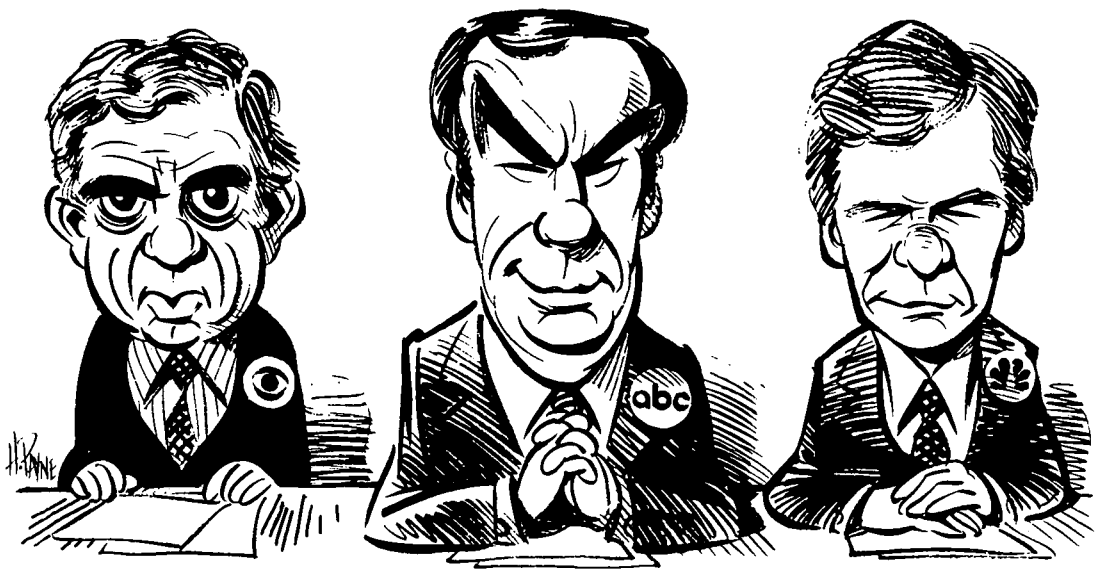

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— Senator Jesse Helms

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AMONG THE EDUCATIONALOIDS

BRING BACK THE OLD MATH

by Caleb Nelson

It is no longer news that American children know little about mathematics. One 1986 national study, for instance, found that more than one-fourth of our 13-year-olds are unable to perform consistently such calculations as "Subtract: 604 - 207" and "Find the product: 21 × 3." Only six percent of 17-year-old students, and hardly any 13-year-olds, can answer such questions as:

The number of tomato plants (t) is twice the number of pepper plants (p). Which equation best describes the sentence above?

☐ t = 2p ☐ 2t = p
☐ t = 2 + p ☐ 2 + t = p

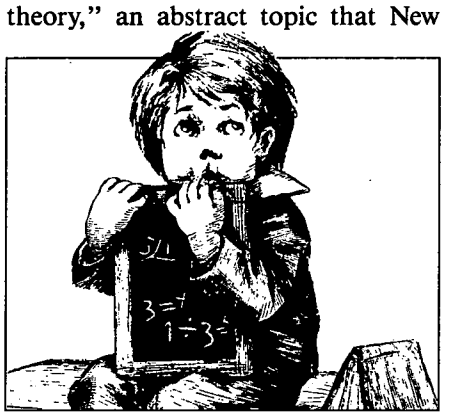
$\sqrt{17}$ is between which of the following pairs of numbers?

☐ 4 and 5 ☐ 8 and 9
☐ 16 and 18 ☐ 288 and 290

As a result, American math students at all levels invariably rank near the bottom in international comparisons. In the Second International Mathematics Study, for example, the average score of the top five percent of American calculus students was below that of *all* Japanese calculus students.

Most observers agree that the spread of the "New Math" in the 1960s is at least partly responsible for this state of affairs. In traditional curricula, teachers showed their pupils how to solve a particular problem, and then assigned similar problems as homework; in this way students progressed, with little overlap, from arithmetic to algebra to geometry to trigonometry. The new programs, which professional mathematicians helped educators devise, linked diverse mathematical topics with a new stress on abstract proof; students had to justify even simple arithmetical identities by reference to forbiddingly named Laws, such as those of association, commutativity, and distribution. In an effort to make grade-schoolers think like research mathematicians, the new programs also encouraged children to use their own creativity rather than rely on teachers. Thus the programs emphasized unusual mathematical systems, so that children could make discoveries for themselves about the structure of more familiar systems. But as children learned that 2 + 2 = 11 in base three, that a line is best thought of as the illustration of a particular set of points, and that a circle is topologically identical to a triangle, they made only one discovery: that they were extremely confused.

Despite a limited return to basics in the early 1970s, the continuing influence of the New Math is evident in test scores. American youngsters do relatively well on tests of "set theory," an abstract topic that New



Math programs introduced to help students see the connections between traditional mathematical subjects. But students do much worse on tests of algebra, geometry, and calculus—the subjects that set theory was supposed to make more accessible. As these test results suggest, most modern American math curricula are incoherent blends of New Math and traditional math.

The education establishment is therefore lumbering toward further reform. It has assembled solidly behind the recent *Curriculum and Evaluation Standards for School Mathematics*, published by the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics (NCTM). Some of the foremost mathematicians and educators in America have issued a report (egregiously titled "Everybody Counts") urging parents to "demand that schools meet the new NCTM *Standards*." The NCTM's book has also been endorsed by the nation's two largest teachers' unions and a number of other distinguished groups, some of which are expected to release similar books of their own. The media, too, have been receptive; the *Washington Post*, for instance, hailed *Standards* as a "bold and comprehensive program" that will replace the "outmoded" current curricula with "patterns of active, creative learning." By all accounts, *Standards* represents the wave of the future in education reform.

Unfortunately, it also represents a curious but familiar mixture of trendy relativism and trendy absolutism. Except when political orthodoxies dictate otherwise, New Age education deliberately attacks the idea of the black-and-white answer, and *Standards* is no exception: even as it condemns "questions that require only yes, no, or a number as responses," it urges teachers to present the idea of ratios by asking, "If 245 of a company's 398 employees are women, how many of its 26 executives would you expect to be women?" Indeed, to judge from appearances, the proposal's principal aim is to extend this selective assault on certainty from the humanities to mathematics.

As in the New Math, which NCTM publications helped popularize in the 1960s, *Standards* students are to "construct their own meanings" for mathematics; the teacher must become a "facilitator of learning" rather than a "dispenser of knowledge," and ought to "suspend judgment" so that students learn to "guess courageously." The NCTM consequently touts problems that "have no [single] right answer," such as the following exercise for middle school students: "A national magazine surveyed teenagers to determine the number of hours of TV they watched every day. How many hours do you think the magazine reported?"[1] Similarly, *Standards* calls for students to "formulate problems themselves," as in this sample exam question: "Four of every five dentists interviewed recommended Yukky Gum. Write a question to go with this statement to make a problem. Solve the problem."

Of all the traditional staples of mathematics instruction, computation drills have the highest concentration of clear-cut answers, so the NCTM reserves special scorn for them. It urges that drills be replaced with "fun" exercises:

A set of cards is prepared, each one bearing the price of an object and a particular discount in percentages (e.g., $10.95, 15%). Each of the two players has a calculator. One player turns over a card to reveal a price and a discount. Then both players estimate the final, discounted price. They use the calculators to find the discounted price, and the player who comes closest to the actual discounted price earns one point. A game played to ten points takes ten minutes or less.

In fact, the NCTM baldly asserts that in the calculator age, students "should not be expected to become proficient with paper-and-pencil computations with [numbers of] several digits."

School mathematics has traditionally been distinguished from the humanities by its exactitude. But in order to downplay certainty, *Standards* carefully blurs this distinction by stressing other disciplines at least as much as math. NCTM students are not to learn calculus, but "it is important that they develop an awareness of, and appreciation for, the historical origins and the cultural contributions of the calculus." Youngsters are not to be drilled on computation but "might draw pictures and then tell or write stories about the equation . . . 18 ÷ 6 = ☐"; in addition, they should learn "about other countries and cultures" in math class. High school students are not to study how factoring techniques can solve polynomial equations (an impor-

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[1] Students can approach this "problem" in a variety of ways: "[They] can discuss their predictions in small groups, write summaries of their group work or of their own ideas, share their predictions with the class, discuss their reasoning, and compare their predictions with the magazine's report."

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tant topic in algebra); the time freed by this and similar reforms will let them "keep journals describing their mathematical experiences, including reflections on their problem-solving thought processes."

At the same time that *Standards* introduces the uncertainties of sociology and psychology to math class, it strives to transform math itself into an active experimental science, filled with uncertainties of its own. According to the NCTM, "Measurement situations should continually be part of the program," to such an extent that "parents who expect students to do mathematics homework on paper at a desk rather than by gathering real data to solve a problem will be surprised." Math students, the NCTM suggests, might study traffic congestion near their school, assembling statistics from which to draw subjective conclusions. They might collect information about the pulse rates of their classmates, analyzing how the rates go up during exercise and down during relaxation. They might use computers or dice to simulate various experiments in probability. Such exercises, not incidentally, involve very few definite answers.

One of the NCTM's biggest fears is for the psyches of children whose math homework might be labeled "wrong." Mathematics instruction, the group insists, must be "consistently positive." Activities should be designed to "help students clarify feelings about mathematics," and there should be "discussions about any negative feelings and [about] ways to deal with unpleasant experiences." Though American schoolchildren already lead the world in thinking themselves good at math, the NCTM's paramount goal is to boost that inflated self-confidence even more: "What matters is that students experience mathematics in situations in which they come to view it as personally empowering." *Standards* cares deeply for students' "sense of mathematical competency," and accordingly urges that examinations give "decreased attention" to "assessing what students do not know," as opposed to "assessing what students know and how they think about mathematics."

In keeping with its overriding concern for students' self-esteem, the NCTM would dramatically reduce the importance of grades. *Standards* rejects the "demeaning" institution of failure: "No student should be denied access to the study of one topic because he or she has yet to master another." Instead, it recommends presenting each mathematical topic at a wide range of levels, to accommodate children who have failed to grasp earlier material. Inevitably, in each of the NCTM's examples only the students at the top level might actually learn any math; the others, who lack the prerequisites, spend much of their time plugging numbers into computer programs that they have not written and do not understand. Though this system gives all but the best students no more than the illusion of mathematical knowledge, the NCTM asserts that "further efforts toward mastering computational skills" may be "counterproductive" because of "the effect of failure on students' attitudes."

Like the rest of today's education establishment, the NCTM can think only in terms of appeasement. Lest students be bored, games and experiments replace lectures; lest students be discouraged by failure, certainty disappears. But though the NCTM can banish drudgery and failure from school, it cannot banish them from life. In the real world, perseverance and accomplishment—not lowered standards—are what is "personally empowering."

As far as math is concerned, Americans tend to neglect this fact. They regard math as an elite subject, in which success is determined more by aptitude than by effort. Thus they routinely speak of mathematical "geniuses," a hyperbole that they never apply to students who excel in other subjects. This elitism should be overcome. At every grade, math students should be expected to succeed, and therefore be required to work hard at their homework. At the same time, curricula must pick up speed. By seventh grade, American students should have moved from arithmetic to algebra, as have their counterparts across the globe; today most American students do not begin the serious study of algebra until ninth grade. Students must master arithmetic sooner in order to get to algebra and geometry sooner; they must master algebra and geometry sooner in order to get to precalculus sooner; they must master precalculus sooner in order to get to calculus. Along the way, their studies might be complemented by serious courses in computer programming, instead of the NCTM's fluffy computer "applications."

Unfortunately, this prescription marks no less severe a departure from present practice than the NCTM's. The back-to-basics movement of the 1970s, though it halted the spread of the New Math, never inspired the necessary changes in curricula and attitudes. Old-style math education has not failed our children; of late, it simply has not been tried. □

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SEX AND CANDY

by Bruce Bawer

Steven Soderbergh, the 26-year-old writer-director of *sex, lies, and videotape* (lower-case letters, please), has never been to film school. And it shows: the slick, style-over-substance look and the glib, assembly-line sensibility that typify movies by today's film-school alumni are nowhere in evidence here; while technically unimpeachable, Soderbergh's debut picture also glows with a refreshing distinctiveness of tone, a fine quirkiness of imagination, and a gratifying sensitivity to details of character and atmosphere. As for the story, Soderbergh has put together what is essentially (like Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* or Noel Coward's *Private Lives*) a witty, provocative, and fastidiously crafted four-character play, has set it in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and has cast it with an attractive quartet of gifted, thirtyish performers.

The least likable of the four characters is John Mullaney (Peter Gallagher), a slimy, fast-track, red-suspender-wearing yuppie lawyer, whose boredom with his sweet and beautiful but oddly naive and sexually impassive wife, Ann (Andie MacDowell), has led him into a sleazy, clandestine affair with her wanton sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), a seductive artist who tends bar. Enter John's old college buddy, Graham (James Spader), a sensitive, laid-back, underachieving drifter who floats into town and inadvertently lures both of John's women into his orbit.

How does Graham do this? Well, Ann's drawn to him out of empathy; she's touched by his shabby, solitary existence, his dread of commitment, his desire to live in his car rather than in an apartment because "I like having the one key." And she's touched, too, by his sexual plight: as he confesses to her (on the day after their first meeting, no less), he's psychologically impotent, unable to make it with women. The sex-happy Cynthia, for her part, is fascinated by Graham's inventive, if aberrant, means of achieving release: during the last several years, he's talked a number of women into sitting on his couch, staring into the lens of his videotape camera, and outlining their erotic histories in graphic detail. He has the tapes neatly labeled, by name and date, and views them regularly in private. This turns him on in a big way.

Which—when Ann finds out about it—turns her *off* in a big way. But in fact both Ann's conviction that "sex is overrated" and Graham's video fetish exemplify a shared fear of intimacy; if character, sex, and circumstance have interacted in such a way as to make John and Cynthia unusually randy, the same forces have operated together in the cases of Graham and Ann to the opposite effect. Not to put too fine a point on it, Ann and Graham are birds of a feather, and one of the questions the film implicitly poses is whether they'll try (and, if so, manage) to burst the bars of their respective cages and fly off together.

Needless to say, this is quite a neurotic foursome, who in raw summary may not sound much different from the bizarre, empty-headed Southerners that populate the plays and movies of Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart, Nobody's Fool*). Much to his credit, however, Soderbergh steers completely clear of Henley territory: compared to her goofy stereotypes, his characters are living, breathing people, whom we soon find ourselves caring about (or, in the case of John, despising). It's a testament to Soderbergh's skill, moreover, that he manages to introduce all four of them in apt, memorable, and funny ways—and to establish their relationships and conflicts—before the movie's first ten minutes are up. The entire film, as a matter of fact, is marked by an admirable precision and economy of word and gesture. It takes only two brief, flawlessly delivered lines of dialogue, for instance, to convey the purely utilitarian, businesslike nature of John's liaison with Cynthia: after a midday roll in the hay, they don't part with a kiss, a romantic word, or a lingering look, but with a mechanical request by one to "drive safely" and the other's sneering reply of "Yeah, right."

It's not until the last half-hour or so, when Graham's videotape fixation takes center stage, that the movie falters. Nor is it his videotape fixation, *per se*, so much as it is his ardent, cryptic, and protracted account of its etiology—which he delivers in an awkward, unprepared-for scene with Ann—that throws this hitherto exquisitely poised film off balance. All at once, the focus shifts unaccountably, motivations seem to enter out of left field (nine years ago, Graham reveals, he was deeply hurt by a girl named Elizabeth), and an apparently vital thematic nexus (between love and lying) is introduced but not clearly enough explained. During Graham's speech, one has the uncomfortable feeling that Soderbergh, who all along has kept a seemly distance from his characters, is suddenly embarrassingly close to one of them; that the speech, which does not work well dramatically, exists primarily for other than objective dramatic purposes; and that Graham's predicament has a far more profound meaning for the writer-director than he has succeeded in communicating to his audience.

One feels, to speak plainly, as if it's not Graham but Soderbergh himself who's crying out in pain and confusion over the traumas and betrayals of youth. Suddenly, during this scene, one recalls how very young, after all, the film's writer-director is. And one's disappointment is compounded by the film's pedestrian and overly tidy wrap-up, which betrays both the movie's distinctiveness and its sense of verity.

Yet for most of its length, *sex, lies, and videotape* is an intelligent and remarkably compelling piece of work. Notwithstanding the failure of his big scene, Spader mostly does a very fine job. And the other actors are commendable without qualification: Ann, who might have come across as either a tic-ridden dingbat or a locker-room joke (the sex goddess with no interest in sex), is invested by Andie MacDowell with charm and dignity; Laura San Giacomo succeeds at the difficult job of making the truculent, devious Cynthia sympathetic; and Peter Gallagher, down to his last gesture, gets John exactly right. This is, Gallagher makes clear, a man who will never be able to understand sexual relations beyond the level of macho conquest and intramural competitiveness. These are top-

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

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notch performances, and none of them would have been achieved without a superior director. Steven Soderbergh is unquestionably a young man with a future; one hopes that the studios, instead of putting him to work making glossy big-budget movies that are indistinguishable from everybody else's, will give him the freedom to follow his own line of development.

• • •

Cross *Mary Poppins* with the old Cary Grant movie *Houseboat*, stir in a bit of *The Seven Little Foys* and *Little Miss Marker*, and you've got *Uncle Buck*. Well, sort of. Written and directed by John Hughes, the uncontested master of inane teen comedy-drama (*Sixteen Candles, The Breakfast Club, Ferris Bueller's Day Off*), *Uncle Buck* is the silly, derivative, but exceedingly amusing story of Buck Russell (John Candy), an undependable, quasi-shady (but goodhearted) bachelor who lives in a shabby walk-up in downtown Chicago, drives a dilapidated car that violates the emissions standards for a Boeing 747, bowls, smokes cigars, swills beer, fixes parking tickets, and bets on the ponies. Somewhere in there he makes a living. Oh, and he's got a fiancee (Amy Madigan)—a tough (but also goodhearted) dame whom Buck, like Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls*, has been stringing along for years. The owner of a tire store, she wants Buck to straighten out, settle down, and work for her. And he's finally agreed to do so when an emergency late-night call comes from his brother, an upper-middle-class executive type who lives in the suburbs. A family illness, the brother says, requires him and his wife to be away for several days; black-sheep Buck is needed to take care of the kids.

So Buck heads for the suburbs. His brother has done such a good job of keeping him at arm's length that the two younger kids, a little boy named Miles (Macauley Culkin) and a little girl named Maisie (Gaby Hoffman), don't even know they *have* an uncle. They take to Buck readily enough, however; it's their 15-year-old sister, Thea (Jean Kelly), who despises him on sight. But then—neglected as she is by her career-happy mother, and upset by the family's recent move from St. Louis—Thea despises everyone, including herself. She's so desperate for love, in fact, that she's about to go all the way with her creepy boyfriend, Bug—something that Buck, who doesn't share her parents' strictly laissez faire approach to these things, makes it his personal goal to prevent.

How? By any means possible, as it turns out: threatening the boy with an ax, advancing on him menacingly with a power tool, tying him up and stuffing him in the trunk. And this isn't the only problem Buck handles in his unique way. Called in by the school principal for a conference about Maisie's disciplinary problems, Buck soon loses his cool with the woman—a severe, exacting monster—and chews her out as only a Chicago racetrack regular could. Likewise, when a clown hired for Miles's birthday party shows up drunk and surly, Buck decks him in no-nonsense fashion. And—believe it or not—it's all hilarious.

What makes it so, of course, is Candy. An actor who was even remotely credible as a small-time racketeer—a Harry Dean Stanton, say, or a Robert Duvall—would scare the hell out of you in such a part: Not Candy. Paradoxically, he's ideal for the role precisely because he's so wrong for it. In his hands, Buck doesn't come across as ruthless and insensitive but as guileless and well-intentioned—he wants to do right by these kids, and axes and power tools and knockout punches are the only language he speaks. Likewise, when he cooks Maisie an ample breakfast of scrambled eggs and onions that even a starved linebacker couldn't finish—or when he packs an unopened tin of sardines in Miles's lunchbox—it's not because he doesn't care about the kids but because he doesn't know what's appropriate to the situation.

The movie takes a while to hit its stride. The opening scenes, which introduce the kids and their parents, are highly unpromising; Dad and Mom are vapid and witlessly acted, and when they leave (not to return till the closing sequence), one is thrilled to see them go. (The mother is particularly annoying; her face seems frozen in a grimace and at times she seems to think she's Glenda Jackson doing Ibsen.) Even Candy's first appearance—in a restaurant-table chat with his girlfriend that sets up their relationship—is static, colorless, unrevealing. But in Candy's second scene, everything clicks: jolted awake by his brother's phone call, Buck claps his hands loudly to turn on a lamp (he's got one of those "Clapper" devices) and Hughes cuts to a street shot to show lights going on all over the block. It's a funny gag, and from this point onward the humor (such as it is) stays dependably on track. (Indeed, this would've been perfect as Buck's introductory scene; the fiancee situation could quite easily have been set up afterward.)

This is not to suggest that Hughes's script and direction are anything more than competent. His main achievements are (a) not trying to make Buck "lovable," as is the dire fate of many comedians who appear in movies with kids, and (b) not getting too serious about the plot (i.e., dissolute uncle helps transform demoralized family, and vice-versa). Given even this middling material, however, Candy makes it work uproariously. Anyone who sees *Uncle Buck* will not soon forget, among other things, the sight of our extremely stout hero trying to make use of the tiny rest-room facilities in a grade school (an episode which Candy fans may recognize as a variation on the jockey-phone-booth bit in last year's *Who's Harry Crumb?*[1]). His wonderful execution of this and similar bits suggests that Candy, with enough of the right material, could give the late, great Jackie Gleason a run for his money. Certainly he's one of the two or three funniest men in movies today, and this picture—though not quite worthy of his talents—is his best vehicle yet. □

[1]Reviewed in the April 1989 *TAS*.

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BOOK REVIEWS

WILLIAM FAULKNER: AMERICAN WRITER
Frederick R. Karl/Weidenfeld & Nicolson/1,131 pp. $37.50

William H. Nolte

When I was slightly more than halfway through Frederick Karl's *William Faulkner: American Writer*, and beginning to wonder if there was no end to the thing, if my agony was to be permanent, a goodly slab of the text (about 220 pages) came unglued from the spine and slipped quietly into my lap. A shoddy piece of bookbinding, to be sure, but not without a relevance of sorts. Figuratively speaking, the book had come "unglued" long before it physically fell apart. In short, it needs editing; indeed, it cries out for an editor to remove the thousand and one redundancies, repetitions, windy extrapolations, weak analyses, farfetched comparisons, and attempts to show causal relationships where none necessarily exists. Professor Karl constantly "conjectures," to use his word, that this or that *may* appertain, *may* have been the unconscious motive (Freudian paradoxes are everywhere in dismal and dismaying evidence) for Faulkner's (or someone else's) having done this instead of that. We are cautioned that things are seldom what they seem to be and the insignificant must be shown to be significant.

A long book by any standards—though not as long as Joseph Blotner's two-volume life, which Karl constantly uses for factual material—this new biography seems much longer than it is. And no wonder: of its 600,000-plus words, at least 300,000 are not only unnecessary but actually deleterious. Far too many pages are wasted on Faulkner's rather insipid verse (we never needed Faulkner to remind us that he was "a failed poet") and his indebtedness to Swinburne, Housman, the French symbolists, Keats, Conrad Aiken, et al. All his work, including even his early drawings, is placed under rollers and spread out to a fine thinness. Never content to tell us anything, no matter how insignificant, and then perhaps remind us later by repeating it a time or two, Karl insists on six, seven, or a dozen repetitions, assuming, I suppose, that his readers cannot possibly remember what they have just read.

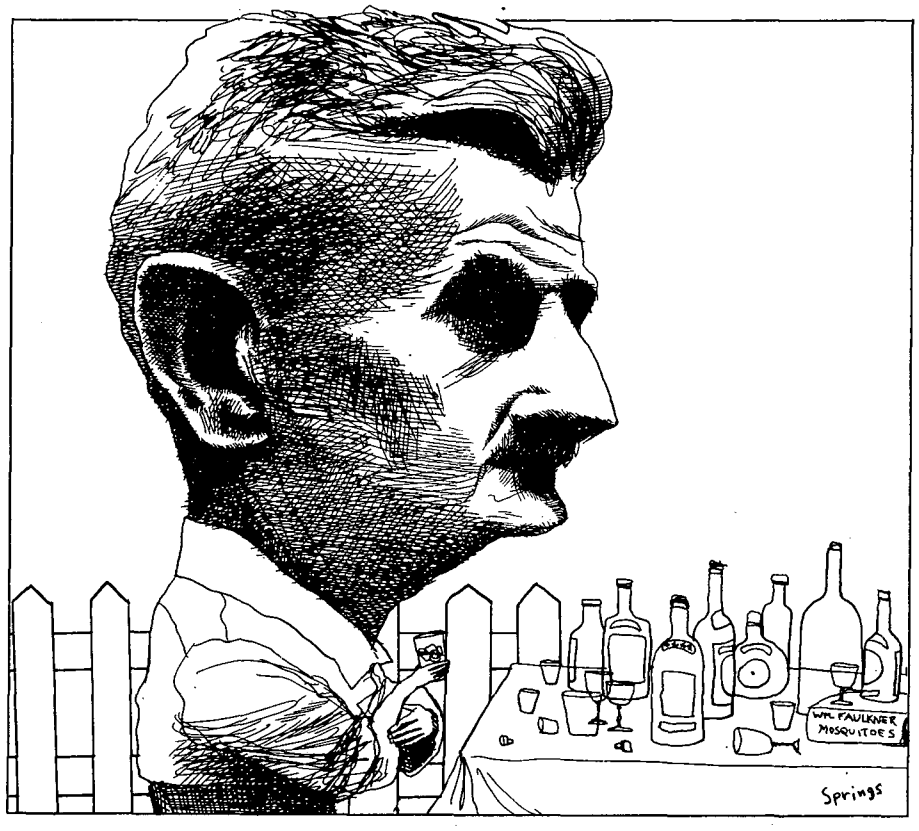
I see no reason, for example, for his telling us half a dozen times that Helen Baird served as the model for Charlette Rittenmeyer in *The Wild Palms*. Long before Faulkner marries his childhood sweetheart, Estelle Oldham Franklin, we have been informed (several times) that the marriage was doomed from the start, and that Faulkner knew it, and that he *may* have married her because he knew it. (Estelle's first marriage, to Cornell Franklin, a man her parents much preferred to Faulkner, whom the Oldhams apparently liked but considered a failure from the start, lasted almost exactly eleven years and produced two children.) We have also been told that Estelle would attempt suicide on their honeymoon, and then of course a fuller account of the attempt is given when the marriage takes place in 1929. And then later we are reminded a few more times of the fact, or what may have been a fact.

The material on Faulkner's drinking habits or, rather, habitual drinking, would make a sizable monograph—entitled, let us suppose, "The Writer as Heroic (but Most Unhappy) Lush." Just why he was so heavy a drinker is hard to say—thus making possible all kinds of speculation. But drink he did—from his middle-teens almost to the day of his death. Karl tries to explain his alcoholism in various ways: it was the "manly" thing to do; it acted as an escape mechanism; it was an aid to the creative process, and so forth. He pauses in one place to give us a little lecture on alcoholism among American writers living and dead. Drinking, he admits, "is part of some grand mystery: at the crossroads of the obsession to create and the compulsion to self-destruct. The question is not merely one of orality, but of life and death; but not in any simple equation of art-as-life and drink-as-death. The two are interlocked, so that drink is as necessary to life as is creation; and creation is itself part of a death act, an element of self-destruction." Well, maybe; maybe not. Following that rather dubious sublimation we are told which half of the brain is stimulated and which depressed by drink—the latter being the side that "energizes memory, history, and a moral-ethical basis for one's acts." I'm not sure what that means, particularly the bit about the brain energizing history, nor does it help much to be then told that "Liquor establishes a dialectic within the individual which nothing can resolve." I am made even more uneasy by the statement that Faulkner's long, involved sentences were a result of the booze he consumed while the divine afflatus had him by the ear. Which seems to me a devastating indictment of Faulkner's artistry. Nor can I read the following two sentences without grinning and rolling my eyes to Heaven:

> What alcohol did for Faulkner was mediate between conflicting tensions, whether those he shaped into art or those created by a mother and father who represented different cultural poles. Faulkner was pulled apart from childhood by parental tension: his father, that world of men, frontier sensibility, hard drinking, a sense of self which can never be penetrated because it is so fiercely disguised and defended; his mother, the desire to read, the support for his writing, the "feminine" world of literary endeavor which contradicted what the father represented.

So now we know. The veil has been removed. Alas, poor Yorick, and poor Oedipus, and poor Faulkner, and poor reader, now we know.

Though Karl's *explanations* run the gamut from the dubious to the plainly silly, his documentation of Faulkner's dependence on liquor makes one wonder how he could have produced as much as he did—and he was the most prolific major writer of his generation—when his binges landed him in hospitals and drying-out clinics numerous times, and would have killed him several times over except for the intercession of family, friends, and editors who had him forcibly restrained. We are informed that it was not unusual for him to drink a fifth of bourbon a day, and then be at his writing desk at 4:00 a.m. (he was a lifelong sufferer from insomnia). At cocktail parties, particularly in New York and Los Angeles (which he called "the plastic asshole of the world"), he was seen drinking as many as fifteen martinis before being hauled away to bed. I cannot recall how many times he injured himself by falling down the stairs at Rowan Oak, the antebellum home he purchased in 1930. Or, for that matter, how many times Estelle fell down the same stairs, for the same reason.



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Like so many other outsiders, I first learned of Faulkner's devotion to Bacchus from reading the Robert Coughlan articles that appeared in *Life* magazine in the fall of 1953, and were later incorporated into the little volume *The Private World of William Faulkner.* By then I was an avid fan, reading everything that appeared on my hero. I even took time off from my graduate studies in Urbana to visit Oxford (in November 1958, to be exact) and have a look at the mythical Yoknapatawpha County. I took the *City of New Orleans*, a great old train, to Memphis, where I spent the night in the hope of hearing some good jazz (there was none), and then took an early bus the next morning (a Saturday) to Oxford. After getting a room at the hotel, and realizing that I was (as usual) short of funds, I went to the bank—in that ancient age banks stayed open until noon on Saturday—to cash a check. Informed by the teller that I would need the approval of the bank president, I approached that remarkable figure, a huge old man with a walrus mustache. Of course, he asked the usual questions, including one that surprised and amused me: Was I an honest man? Well, yes, at least in money matters I might be trusted. When asked what a student from Illinois was doing in Oxford, I told him of my interest in Yoknapatawpha County. He then asked if I was interested in meeting "Mr. Bill," who had left the bank only minutes before I entered. I told him I had no such interest since I knew how Mr. Faulkner detested intrusions on his privacy; I had read his article in *Harper's* on that subject and respected his feelings. Then Mr. Gilchrist (I believe that was his name) okayed the check and told me to come back when the bank closed in an hour or so and he would drive me out to Faulkner's home.

Trivial as all this must sound to the reader, and it is trivial, I still recall the ride out in the new, high-powered Oldsmobile, which Mr. Gilchrist drove with abandon, seldom looking at the road as he chatted with me or pointed out some object for my attention. When we got to the gate at the Faulkner property, he parked the car, turned off the motor, and we continued our palaver about the god who lived in the mansion visible through the trees. Not about the writer's oeuvre, since Mr. Gilchrist admitted he had read only a few of the short stories that had appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* He advised me to look up Mac Reed, who owned the main drug store in town and was one of Faulkner's oldest friends. On the way back to town Mr. Gilchrist invited me to have lunch with him and his wife, an invitation I declined, having already imposed enough on his generosity. Besides, I was eager to talk to Mr. Reed.

During the course of my lengthy chat that afternoon with Reed, he told me that once he discovered what was revealed in the *Life* articles he simply removed the magazines from his rack. Though he admitted that Faulkner did have a most unfortunate drinking problem, he objected to its being bruited about in such a sensational manner. He also defended Faulkner's early (in the 1920s) disregard for public decorum—in particular, his appearing barefooted on the streets downtown—as being attributable more to absentmindedness than to bad manners or the desire to shock.

Actually, as Karl points out at great length, and with a lot of heavy-breathing speculation on the Freudian nature of his role-playing, Faulkner spent the years following the First World War alternating between Bohemianism and dandyism. When he returned from Canada after spending four months in the Royal Air Force, he wore his RAF uniform long after other veterans had consigned their regalia to mothballs and attic storage. He also carried a cane and affected a limp, the offspring of some (imaginary) heroic exploit. His outlandish tales of derring-do as a pilot

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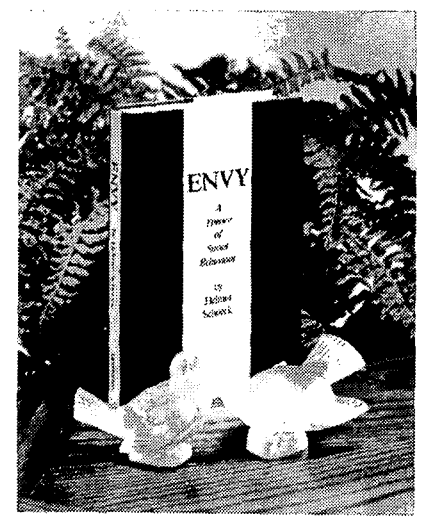
ENVY

By Helmut Schoeck



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Since 1965, Dr. Helmut Schoeck has been professor and the director of the Institute of Sociology at the University of Mainz.

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in France were first accepted at face value but came back to haunt him years later when Malcolm Cowley wanted to repeat them in his introduction to the *Portable Faulkner* (1946), the volume that did more than any other to rescue him from semi-oblivion. His dandyism, along with his apparent lack of ambition and his Byronic flouting of the local bourgeoisie, earned him the moniker "Count No-count."

What I best remember about Mr. Reed, however, was only indirectly related to Faulkner. And that was Reed's inability to consider, to take seriously in any fashion, the prospect that racial integration might someday come to Mississippi. In asking him about any such prospect, which seemed to me inevitable, I may as well have inquired when he thought people in Oxford would begin attending church services without any clothes on. With virtually everyone else in the community, or so I was led to believe, he thought Faulkner had gone too far in support of the civil rights proponents. Though hardly an ardent advocate of integration, Faulkner caused some alarm even among his closest friends, as well as the members of his family. If his temperate (or temporizing) views, frequently expressed in the national media of that time, were dismissed as being reactionary, or anyhow containing a residue of racism, by many Northerners, they were thought to be highly inflammatory by Southerners.

For example, the owner of a small bakery-and-cafe, where I had breakfast and lunch two or three times, expressed what I have since learned was the consensus view of his townsmen. Despite all the renown that had come to Faulkner by way of the medals and awards he received in that decade, including the Nobel Prize, he was almost as much the outsider as he had been in the 1920s. If a few citizens accepted him, and sought to conceal if not defend his deficiencies, the average Oxonian objected to him for moral reasons. For one thing, as the cafe owner told me, he was a hopeless drunkard who on various occasions had to be taken by ambulance (driven by one of the man's relatives) to the hospital to have his stomach pumped in order to save his life. For another, he was an atheist. Finally, he was a nigger-lover. In other words, a three-headed monster.

Needless to say, I contented myself with listening to the recital of sins, offering no comment on the subjects of alcohol, religion, or Negroes. I was not there to argue or qualify. I only wanted to soak up as much as possible in the three days I had before returning to Urbana. The man, who must have been in his middle thirties, recalled that as a boy he sometimes went home with Malcolm Franklin, Faulkner's stepson, after school. He seemed for some reason to resent Faulkner's making the children play outside in the yard rather than in the house. He told me that on one occasion when their play extended beyond nightfall, Faulkner suddenly appeared outside, probably drunk, and began screaming curses at the stars above, ranting and raving at the powers and principalities of the air like one gone berserk. Right out of *Wuthering Heights*, I thought, or some other gothic novel.

If we can believe Karl's account, and he employs a plethora of evidence in support of his view, Faulkner must have been one of the most miserable of men. And the main cause of his misery was Estelle, a woman he could hardly bear to be around but was never able to leave for good. Karl describes what he considered the major cause for his unhappiness, circa 1933, this way:

> Under [his increasing responsibilities], he was not satisfied sexually, nor would he be until he gained a succession of compliant younger women. We should not underestimate his dissatisfaction in this area. Sexually, Estelle seemed burned out, brought down by one bout of poor health after another or simply depressed, which she tried to relieve with alcohol and heavy medication. She was caught in a familiar cycle. If we can believe Faulkner, his role now was to live a celibate life at Rowan Oak. Despite his cold exterior, his curt and sometimes rude manner, he craved affection. His women friends later all testified to how he desired female understanding, affection, sympathy—but of course, on his terms.

We have, of course, Meta Carpenter's account of her longtime affair with Faulkner, *A Loving Gentleman* (1976), which Karl avidly mines. He also had a few other affairs, and proposed marriage to two of his girlfriends, Joan Williams and Jean Stein, both of whom were more than twenty years younger than he. Even so, he took a decidedly dim view of marriage. When Cowley wrote him about Hemingway's marital problems, and said that a letter from Faulkner might cheer Papa's spirits, he answered in a manner that reminds one of the cynical Jason IV of *The Sound and the Fury*:

> I'll write to Hemingway. Poor bloke, to have to marry three times to find out that marriage is a failure, and the only way to get any peace out of it is (if you are fool enough to marry at all) keep the first one and stay as far away from her as much as you can, with the hope of some day outliving her. At least you will be safe then from any other one marrying you—which is bound to happen if you ever divorce her. Apparently man can be cured of drugs, drink, gambling, biting his nails and picking his nose, but not of marrying.

The passage makes more understandable Faulkner's remark in the appendix he wrote for *The Sound and the Fury*, which Cowley included in the *Portable Faulkner*, that Jason IV was the first sane Compson since the family migrated to this country from Scotland more than a hundred years ago.

As I say, Karl's biography is a mess—gauche, pompous, otiose, obtuse, inane. It also shows evidence of Karl's having succumbed to Faulkner's unhappy addiction to mere rhetoric. There are too many "lost Edens" and "Edenic visions" cluttering up the landscape. And too many profundities that merely befuddle—for example: "War is, Faulkner repeats, all wars, the Civil War as archetypal. And if war is all wars, temporality is eternal presentness." And far too many "dispossessions." Faulkner can get away with such stuff, at least sometimes, but the critic should steer clear of employing words for their clang tint or connotations. In one place Karl notes that Faulkner may have been indebted to Dostoevsky for the Christ parable in *A Fable*, and then adds: "But Faulkner did not need the Russian writer to understand that a fallen, dispossessed America, now caught in the coils of a great conflict, needed sacrifice, crucifixion, repentance." America may be called many things, and more than a few of them unflattering, but to say she is fallen and dispossessed (whatever that means) and in need of sacrifice, crucifixion, and repentance is to emit the sort of nonsense one might expect to hear at a late-night gathering of Holy Rollers. Incidentally, Faulkner spent more than ten years working intermittently on *A Fable*. He wrote *Light in August* in six months! Besides that magnificent opus, he also wrote, among other things, *The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying, Sanctuary,* and *Absalom, Absalom!* between 1929 and 1936—without doubt the most remarkable display of genius ever shown by an American novelist. It's nice to recall that there was at least one giant in the earth in them days. □

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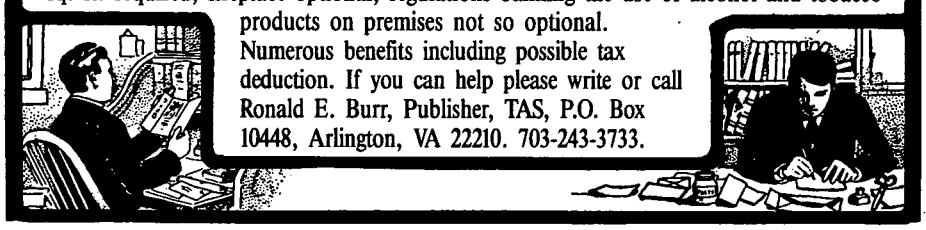

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WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS?
THE TRIVIAL PURSUIT OF THE PRESIDENCY 1988
Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover/Warner Books/478 pp. $22.95

THE QUEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY 1988
Peter Goldman and Tom Mathews (with *Newsweek*'s Special Election Team)/Simon and Schuster-Touchstone/422 pp. $22.95; $9.95 paper

Fred Barnes

Long as these books are, the 1988 presidential campaign was not complicated, and the outcome doesn't require a long-winded explanation. Quite the contrary. Republicans picked a conservative as their nominee and Democrats picked a liberal. This should have given an advantage to the GOP, since there is a moderate-to-conservative majority in the country on the issues (foreign policy, cultural values) that are paramount in presidential races. But there was a wrinkle, a quite common one in American politics. For obvious reasons, the Democratic candidate pretended to be something he wasn't, a moderate. He also insisted he was highly competent but not ideological. That ploy worked through late spring and early summer, until Republicans began belaboring issues (Pledge of Allegiance, prison furloughs, national defense) that exposed the Democrat as a liberal. By Labor Day, they'd made the point, and the race was all but over.

Neither of these books explains the campaign quite that way, but what did you expect? If they'd encapsulated the campaign as I have, the books would be shorter and far less dramatic. Instead, both teams of authors drag us through the pre-primary stage, the caucuses and primaries, the conventions, the debates, and so on. They reveal scores of anecdotes you've never heard (such as Jim Baker's attempt to stay on as treasury secretary and not take over as George Bush's campaign chief), provide backroom details (like the scorn Dan Quayle's handlers had for him), and offer bits of analysis (such as that TV coverage, not print, drives presidential campaigns). A lot of this is fascinating, but a good chunk of it is irrelevant. Still, Germond and Witcover, syndicated columnists who authored books on the 1980 and 1984 campaigns as well, know how to capture a politician. My favorite scene in *Whose Broad Stripes and Bright Stars?* was the time Michael Dukakis, whom Bush called "the iceman," watched the Oscars on TV in 1988. He sat stiff-backed in a chair as his cousin Olympia won for *Moonstruck*. Tears streamed down his cheeks, but he said nothing.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

The *Newsweek* writers—this is their second presidential campaign book—tell a great story, too. But sometimes they get carried away. One of the problems in having so many reporters involved (nine full-time) is that they come up with so much rich detail. The inclination is to use all of it. We get nearly a full page on the living-room discussion between Al Gore and his four kids on whether he should run for the Democratic nomination. The nine-year-old "got out a yellow pad and wrote 'Dad's Decision' at the top," Goldman and Mathews write. "Then she drew two columns, headed 'For' and 'Against.' " Under "Against," by the way, she noted that some people might think her dad, at 39, was too young to be President. The eight-year-old asks, "When is Social Security going to start following us around?" The four-year-old asks Gore to wait until he's five. And so on. You get the drift: this is not urgent stuff.

Both books take a sour view of the race. Germond and Witcover, who didn't like the 1984 campaign either, argue that the country needs a better class of voters. Polls are often questionable because voters are ignorant, they complain. "You can never underestimate the flimsiness of the knowledge base on which most poll respondents are standing." Worse, voters were not apoplectic over the prospect of Quayle as Vice President, or President. Though they "seemed to have concluded that Quayle was a second-rater and Bentsen clearly preferable, they didn't make the connection that this judgment was relevant to their choice for president." It's up to voters to "separate fact from fiction and reality from perception, and to cast their ballots based on rational judgment," Germond and Witcover say. "Regrettably they do not always do so."

I have no doubt they'd feel better about the electorate had Dukakis won. Readers of their syndicated column over the years know that Germond and Witcover loathe Bush. When he announced for the 1980 GOP nomination, they immediately dismissed him as a non-starter. In 1984, they found him wanting as Geraldine Ferraro's foe. This time, they're no kinder. "One thing George Bush always did remember, and that was his place," they write. "He was the classic number two man—deferential almost to the point of obsequiousness." His impressive resumé was deceptive. All the jobs, except election to the House, "had been given to him." He had developed, Germond and Witcover contend, "the image of a political courtesan, always subject to somebody else's bidding, carrying somebody else's mail." And the image fits the man, they believe.

The *Newsweek* folks blame political consultants for the sorry state of the race. It was "the Year of the Handler in our politics," they write. The Bush-Dukakis campaign was not between two contrasting ideologies or agendas. It was, they say, "a contest at manipulation, a war between high-tech button-pushers unburdened by contending visions or issues, and, whatever else one made of the outcome, the better button men surely won." That's not exactly an accolade for Lee Atwater, Roger Ailes, and Bob Teeter, but it's more than what the Bush operatives get from Germond and Witcover. *Newsweek* concedes that the Bushies had some grounds for trying to paint Dukakis as a liberal, though the issues they exploited were questionable. Germond and Witcover maintain that the mission of the Bush operation was to destroy Dukakis, regardless of his political leanings.

By the final pages of their book, Germond and Witcover have aroused themselves to a fury. The rationale of the Bush operation for attacking Dukakis, they assert, "was not fundamentally different from the notion that five presidential campaigns earlier had dictated the Watergate break-in—that whatever it took to win, and win decisively, should be done; nothing was to be left to chance." To be honest, the Watergate analogy had never occurred to me, perhaps because it's so absurd. Germond and Witcover also raise the Vietnam analogy. By zinging Dukakis for vetoing a bill in Massachusetts that would require schoolteachers to recite the Pledge of Allegiance daily, "Bush and his handlers also went about methodically poisoning the public mind toward the Democratic party's patriotism . . . in a fashion that had been going on at least since the Vietnam war." Oh, yes. The Bush effort was "a campaign of distortion, character assassination and division . . . perhaps the most mean-spirited and negative campaign in modern-day American political history."

Whew! Once you get past the fulminations, Germond and Witcover have a lot to say. They are great reporters with hundreds of sources. They have a sense for what makes politics fun, or at least used to. Television is ruining everything. As recently as the 1976 and 1980 campaigns, "you could see political stories that appeared in major newspapers ripple through the three networks' coverage over the next several days," they write. No more. By 1984, "the networks were quite

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prepared to make their own political judgments, sophisticated or otherwise, and set the agenda for the newspapers and the political community." One result is that reporters like Germond, Witcover, and me get sneered at by TV correspondents as "printheads." Okay, worse things could be said. The bigger problem is that by dominating the election coverage, television magnifies "the increased attention to the mechanics and personalities of politics, and the decreased attention to substantive issues," Germond and Witcover argue. TV wants to cover attack-and-response or good "visuals." Bush's men argue that all they did in 1988 was give television what it wanted to cover. Should they have packaged their message in a way that kept it off TV? Hardly.

Another of Germond and Witcover's laments is that the relationship between reporters and politicos has chilled. Reporters are the chief culprits. There are too many of them—"a press mob"—and they've become highly judgmental about the personal character of candidates. "Reporters could be least attractive when they were most sanctimonious, playing moral grand jury," the *Newsweek* writers agree. There's a feeling among politicians, say Germond and Witcover, "that the press these days is so judgmental reporters cannot be trusted." Of course, this is what conservatives have been saying, in slightly different form, for decades. And Germond and Witcover can be judgmental, too. They brush off Pat Robertson, for instance, as "a television preacher/con man."

I've saved the best part of the Germond-Witcover book for last: they come to grips with Jesse Jackson. *Newsweek* doesn't. It treats him gingerly. Germond and Witcover point out that unaggressive coverage of Jackson is normal. In the primaries, Jackson complained that Dukakis was being treated too kindly. This "was amusing coming from a candidate who customarily got kid-gloves treatment from reporters, as well as from rival candidates." In fact, Jackson "was politically insulated from attacks from those other Democrats who hoped to inherit his base in the general election campaign." Germond and Witcover also knock down the canard, growing out of Jackson's performance in debates, that if he were white, he'd win the nomination hands down. Had he been white, they write, "he probably would never have made it to those debate stages at all."

I'm not sure Jackson made winning the presidency all the more difficult for Dukakis, but he made Dukakis's life a lot more miserable. Dukakis was unable to tell Jackson to forget it about being veep. He couldn't say, I need someone with Washington experience. If I pick you, we'll lose overwhelmingly. Every poll shows it. "The inability of Dukakis to say just those things was the ultimate proof, if any were needed, of the special insulation Jesse Jackson enjoyed as a black candidate in the Democratic party," Germond and Witcover write. Later, when Jackson and Dukakis conferred at the Democratic convention in Atlanta, Jackson was "disingenuous" in soft-pedaling his demand for a "partnership" with Dukakis. Jackson said he only meant he wanted to be a pal. Not quite, Germond and Witcover write. "Jackson was pushing for a role not only in the campaign but also, assuming the election of Dukakis, in the transition and the new administration." Small wonder that Dukakis balked.

Good as these books are—and I recommend both in spite of their anti-Bush slant—I can't imagine why anyone but political junkies would be interested in them. Before Teddy White wrote his first *Making of the President* in 1960 and kicked off the genre, political reporting consisted of repeating what the candidates said. White told what went on behind the scenes, how speeches were drafted,

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issues formulated, how the candidates acted in private, what their handlers were like. In other words, he wrote about all the things that are now routine in newspaper and magazine coverage of campaigns. I think we've come full circle. My guess is people want to know less, not more, about the ins-and-outs of presidential campaigns. They'll settle for hearing what the candidates have to say, and leaving it at that. If I'm wrong, however, these books ought to become best-sellers. □

DECEPTION: THE INVISIBLE WAR BETWEEN THE KGB AND THE CIA
Edward Jay Epstein/Simon and Schuster/335 pp. $19.95

George Szamuely

Some time just before the next Communist party of the Soviet Union Conference or Congress or Central Committee Plenum or whatever big showdown is next on the party social calendar, it is more than likely an article will appear in *Pravda* or *Izvestia* talking in menacing tones of "bourgeois" elements who have sneaked their way into the upper echelons of the party, even the Politburo itself. These elements have to be—indeed are going to be—removed, the piece will continue, and the culture within which such malignant forms of life nourish (always pile on the biological metaphors to put the fear of God into the readers) must be destroyed once and for all. Around the world a feeling of gloom will descend; on the talk shows and the op-ed pages the figures who have been emblematic of the glasnost years—Cohen and Reddaway, Sestanovich and Hyland, Hewett and Goldman—will with one voice intone "I told you so" and go on to predict that within a matter of days Washington will be dealing with a shadowy, nasty leader in the Kremlin—a cross between Joseph Stalin and Richard Nixon.

But on the eve of the meeting an article will appear in the same publication cheerfully arguing that there can be no going back on perestroika and calling for the removal of the last of the holdovers from the "years of stagnation." Around the world there will be an audible sigh of relief, and the *New York Times* will come out with a hard-hitting editorial warning the Bush Administration that this time it had got off lightly but that if it did not meet Gorbachev's demands on missile cuts, or on computer purchases, or on his IMF membership application, next time it will indeed be dealing with that shadowy, nasty, "right-wing"—to use the bizarre new nomenclature—Kremlin figure. The Bush Administration, in turn, alarmed at the perception that it is falling behind "public opinion" as well as losing the public relations war in "Europe," might seize on this occasion to come up with a major new initiative to prove that it is going well "beyond containment."

Suppose, however, that the writer of the two articles were one and the same person. And this is by no means impossible. Then the Soviets will have forced important concessions out of their chief adversary at very little expense to themselves. It may of course be true that there is an enormous power struggle taking place between the Gorbachevites and the Ligachevites or the "pro"- and "anti"-perestroika forces. Or it may not. We do not know. More and more gory revelations about Stalin's crimes or the institutionalized incompetence of the Brezhnev years will not answer the question. The point is that the Kremlin has managed to persuade the West that, first, it has a stake in the survival of Mikhail Gorbachev, and, second, that the success of perestroika is a vital interest of ours. Both are debatable propositions.

In the meantime, belief in their validity has already led the United States to lift restrictions on the availability of highly sophisticated computers to Moscow, to subsidize wheat sales, to begin the process in Europe of denuclearizing the continent and withdrawing American forces, and to contemplate admitting the Soviet bloc into international organizations such as the IMF and GATT. And in much of Western Europe, particularly in the Federal Republic of Germany, public opinion holds the United States to be a greater threat to its security than the Soviet Union. In addition, whenever anything occurs that seems to portend the collapse of Communist rule, Western governments, far from being pleased, fret, frown, and worry whether this might not lead to the political demise of "our" man in the Kremlin, Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev.

Or as Edward Jay Epstein puts it in his brilliant new book *Deception*: "The erasure of the image of a Soviet threat is . . . based not on how many barrels of oil the Soviet Union produces, nor on the size of its armed forces, nor on its capacity to lift nuclear reactors into space, nor on the increasing number of foreign bases to which it has access, but rather on the claims of its own leadership that it is no longer a threat." And, he adds, "These claims may be sincere, of course. They might also be part of a strategy for winning without fighting." Either way, we should be self-critical enough to realize that not only would we, for obvious reasons, far prefer to believe in the existence of a benign rather than malign Soviet Union, but that Moscow knows only too well our particular preference.

For instance, over the last twelve months or so, an increasing number of conservative writers have been arguing exultantly that the "Cold War" has been "won" by our side and that Communism is now in irrevocable crisis. Only a few years ago, however, many of the same people were claiming that the balance of power in the world had shifted—dare one say?—irrevocably in favor of the Soviet Union. Can such things really be? True, Great Powers do rise, ebb, and fall. But this takes decades, if not centuries—not a few years. On the other hand, for the time being it might suit the Russians very nicely to have former subscribers to the "Evil Empire" thesis believe that such a reversal of fortunes has taken place.

Indeed, as Epstein points out, from 1985 on the Soviets have gone to enormous trouble to promote the idea that their economy is a hopeless basket case: "The main evidence of this . . . consisted of statements of Soviet officials; Soviet economic reports furnished to the CIA . . . by Soviet controlled sources; a drumbeat of stories in the Soviet press supporting this theme; and private briefings to Western journalists, academics, and VIPs by [Georgi] Arbatov's Institute for the Study of the United States. . . . The resulting image of an ossified, faltering, and hapless Soviet economy had great appeal in the West." Yet even a casual perusal of Soviet economic statistics will put a damper on the festivities. "In 1948 Soviet industrial production was one fifth that of the United States; in 1988, it was three quarters that of the United States," Epstein goes on. "In 1948, the Soviet Union produced only 500,000 barrels a day, one tenth as much oil as the United States. In 1988, it produced 12 million barrels a day, or

George Szamuely is a former associate editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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Nor is it just a matter of heavy industry, which provides the hardware for the tanks and artillery pieces with which the Soviets can threaten their neighbors, if they so choose. In recent years, the Soviets have deployed two mobile intercontinental missile systems while the U.S. has deployed none; their SDI program is further advanced than ours; they have an antiballistic missile defense system around Moscow as well as the phased-array radar system at Krasnoyarsk. "The Soviet Union has similarly moved ahead of the United States in the space race—at least in its capacity to lift tons of equipment into orbit. It presently has in orbit radars, powered by nuclear reactors, which appear capable of spotting the signatures of U.S. submarines." The one field in which the Soviets have fallen seriously behind the West is computer technology. Presumably, at this very moment they are doing everything in their power—by fair means or foul—to rectify just this. Thus the perestroika that President Bush for one wants to see "succeed."

To be fair to the Soviets, there is nothing so terrible about getting your adversaries to think those things about you that you want them to think. States have always done this. The problem is that in this sort of game closed societies are at a distinct advantage to open ones. The former control the availability and hence the release of information. Before the heady days of glasnost—in Russian, literally meaning publicity—knowledge of what was really going on in the Soviet Union, which would provide a factual basis for Western policy toward it, came via the intelligence agencies and the expensive satellite technology orbiting the giant Eurasian landmass. Ironically—and this is the central theme of Epstein's book—all too often these turned out to be conduits for whatever disinformation the Soviets wanted to have put out. *Deception* quotes the legendary counter-intelligence chief of the CIA, James Jesus Angleton: "When disinformation becomes the art of the state . . . nations use their intelligence services to paint, brush stroke by brush stroke, a picture that will provoke its adversaries to make the wrong judgments." Whenever national interests demand it the Soviets feign weakness or, on the contrary, great strength. In doing either, they play on some prevailing preconceptions about them in order to get what they want.

Nor are they uniquely devious in this regard. Epstein recounts how Hitler used British Air Intelligence to leak Luftwaffe secrets showing German air capability to be far stronger than it really was. Fear of the alleged enormous German air superiority in turn led to the understandable desire among the British and the French to appease Hitler. A little later, on the other hand, in 1939-40, his policy having failed with the British and French declaration of war on Germany, the *Führer* used the British Secret Service to put about the idea that his position was perilously weak and that a number of disaffected generals were plotting to overthrow him, but that should the Western powers initiate military actions against Germany in the meantime, the officers would have to rally to him. Nothing happened; the British and French waited until the following spring when a rearmed Germany launched its Western offensive.

More recently, the Iranians, badly in need of arms, approached the United States with a story that fell on very receptive ears: the struggle for the succession to Khomeini was on in Tehran between the pragmatists and the zealots. The sale of arms will help the former and ensure that Iran will stay out of the Soviet orbit. The rest is history.

The Soviet Union, of course, has from its very inception used disinformation as a way of shaping the West's policy toward it. In the 1920s the intelligence agencies were informed of the existence of a gigantic underground conspiracy within the Soviet Union to overthrow Bolshevik rule—the so-called Trust. As it turned out, the "conspiracy" was organized by the Soviet secret police as a way, first, of extracting hard currency out of the West, but more important, of destroying the influential anti-Soviet emigré groups abroad by luring back and killing some of their leaders and also by discrediting them for having allowed themselves to be so easily manipulated. Much the same happened after the Second World War with the CIA-financed clandestine groups fighting Soviet rule in Eastern Europe. The revelation that these had long been infiltrated and manipulated by the Communists served only to legitimize in the eyes of the West the puppet regimes that Stalin had imposed on Eastern Europe.

Yet belief in the veracity of whatever comes out of the Soviet Union has, according to Epstein, increased and not decreased over the years. "The unwillingness to confront the possibility of deception creates a serious gap in America's defenses." For instance, in 1985, even after Vitaly Yurchenko returned to his KGB command in Moscow, the CIA continued to insist that he had been a genuine defector, going so far as to leak stories to the media that the Russian had been "executed" upon his return to Moscow. Needless to say, nothing of the sort had happened. "To come to this conclusion . . . CIA executives had to override, in a single coup, virtually all the criteria that the CIA had developed for establishing the bona fides of double agents." This extraordinarily uncritical attitude has in the last decade or so led to enormous reliance on information derived from satellite technology.

Common sense should tell one how bizarre this is. For one thing, the Soviet Union is an enormous country. To know everything that is going on, hundreds of satellites are needed and not just a handful. Moreover, satellites cannot detect what goes on indoors; they cannot photograph at night or through clouds; and they have a predictable orbit which can be tracked by computers the moment they are launched. Arms control negotiations have furthermore enabled the Soviets to learn a great deal about U.S. intelligence-gathering. "Because [they] know which missile sites under construction must be continuously monitored by the United States, they can determine the angle at which the satellite's telescope is pointed, and the range of its camera on each pass. . . . The Soviet deception planners deal with U.S. surveillance . . . —just as a politician uses a photo opportunity—to put in the path of the satellite lenses what they want to be photographed."

And this brings one to Angleton's dictum which Epstein's book is largely an elaboration on: "Intelligence cannot be easily separated from its twin, deception, if the sources and methods of collecting it from an adversary are anticipated by him." But is there any way we can tell that what we know about the Soviet Union we really do *know*? Fascinating though *Deception* is, no answer to that question can be found there. At times Epstein seems to argue for nothing more than re-introducing a rather more critical, more Angletonian frame of mind into the portals of Langley. At other times, however, it sounds as if we would be better off without any intelligence agencies, since the information they often gather from clandestine—and therefore from quite possibly KGB-manipulated—sources is that much more likely to be believed and acted upon than if it came from the editorial pages of *Pravda*. Or at least this used to be the case. What has remained unchanged over the years is the message coming out of Moscow: the concessions had to be made to Stalin so as to strengthen his hand against the fanatics in the Politburo; today Gorbachev's position appears to be no stronger than his was. ☐

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DANGER AND SURVIVAL: CHOICES ABOUT THE BOMB IN THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

McGeorge Bundy/Random House/735 pp. $24.95

Edward N. Luttwak

The reason why country vets are such solid characters is that no amount of facile blather will persuade farmers of their competence if the cow dies, chickens stop laying eggs, and pigs lose weight under their ministrations. Alas, there is no such record-keeping when it comes to claimed expertise in foreign and defense affairs. Once a reputation is made by media-approved soft positions on modish issues, it can triumphantly survive decades of disastrously bad advice to the nation and even direct responsibility for disastrous policies.

Thus George F. Kennan's reputation as the wisest man in the universe (briefly earned in full measure by his celebrated "X" article in *Foreign Affairs*) has only grown with the passing years, even though his sovereign remedy for our confrontation with the Soviet Union has long been to call off the "arms race"—our only strong card, technologically derived, against manifold Soviet advantages in the overall struggle of the post-1945 decades. Now that the lusty upsurge of the initial Reagan rearmament and SDI have finally forced the Soviet regime off its imperial program and onto a liberalizing path, we can only wonder if the same result might not have been gained sooner by more rather than less arms "racing." For the regime did not mind a bit being outclassed in welfare and liberty, and it was only when it found itself outclassed in the new military technologies that the way was opened for Gorbachev reforms. But that Kennan's central argument now stands wholly refuted is evidently considered a mere bagatelle by those who so greatly appreciated his eloquent insistence on the futility of the strategic competition (as well as his constancy in arguing the general insignificance of whatever part of the world happened to be in contention at the time, and the particular futility of whatever form of Western resistance was then being attempted).

Even more egregious is the case of Robert Strange McNamara, whose crude scientism and statistical fixations misdirected the entire defense establishment for years (try computing "morale" in a cost-benefit analysis) and then compounded all the military malpractices of Vietnam, but who is nevertheless continually offered to the nation as a Statesman/Expert of the highest order on the strategic issues of the day.

McGeorge Bundy, a decent enough fellow of remarkable personal modesty, of warmly humane disposition (unlike Kennan, whose memoirs reveal a chilling contempt for nine-tenths of humanity), and by no means a cultural illiterate à la McNamara, is nevertheless of the same company as an adviser to the nation. He too would have left hecatombs of cows, myriads of eggless chickens, and droves of wasted pigs in his wake had he performed with equal effect as a vet. He too is on record in print and on videotape with very specific advice, now amply demonstrated to have been wrong.

Nuclear weapons, Bundy has steadily argued, are so destructive that their use in a U.S.-Soviet war cannot possibly be selective; hence their only possible use is for an all-out attack, itself only conceivable in the actuality or imminence of the other side's all-out attack. Thus nuclear weapons are good for nothing except nuclear deterrence; it follows therefore that only weapons needed for "strike-back" are worthwhile, with any more superfluous at least, and downright dangerous perhaps if they provoke fears that might in turn induce pre-emptive temptations.

On these grounds, Bundy has opposed every weapon program that offered more than "assured destruction" capabilities, notably the MX missile, the B-1 bomber, sea-launched cruise missiles, and, of course, SDI. For the same reasons, Bundy has steadily advocated every form of negotiated limitation that might close possible new avenues of weapon development, especially the ABM limits as well as the SALT process in general (which he only criticized for being too slow). As president of the Ford Foundation after leaving the White House, Bundy was well placed to evoke well-paid academic enthusiasm for his views.

It is not necessary to engage in a technical discourse to disprove Bundy's chain of reasoning, nor is it necessary to dispute his initial contention that nuclear weapons (implicitly large-yield, "strategic" nuclear weapons) are too catastrophically destructive to be used selectively. It suffices to view the question in its proper context, which is not the relationship between two inventories of strategic nuclear weapons but rather between two political systems which have those weapons among many others, nuclear and not, and which have the military power in toto, among many other attributes. It will not do to speak of "the two superpowers," when the contention has not been between Oceania and Eurasia or other blackboard analogues but rather between the Soviet empire and the United States, the former with its captives in tow, the latter with a congeries of free-will allies large and small.

The Soviet Union that was—which Gorbachev's liberalization has yet to change irreversibly—could compete most advantageously. It has had a huge geographic advantage in dominating the landmass of which Western Europe is a mere protuberance and Japan an offshore island; it has had a regime ideally suited to pursue strategic goals with unparalleled tenacity (Hitler's prewar rearmament lasted four years, the Soviet buildup continued for forty years); and even its deprivation of civilian life served it well for external purposes, by inducing the talented to compete for admission into the islands of privilege of the KGB, the higher military ranks, and the weapon-design laboratories. (Soviet military technology almost outpaced the hesitant H-bomb effort of the U.S., pioneered ballistic missiles, and led the way with the first gas-turbine warships, along with the first titanium-hulled submarines and many other firsts.)

Superior in espionage and covert action (not to speak of security and counter-espionage, a laughable shambles in the West till now), free to employ terrorism when it was deemed worthwhile, long provided with willing and disciplined cohorts of deluded followers throughout the West, the Soviet Union was greatly militarized; yet ironically it also depended less on military power than did the West (until the post-1967 deconstruction of its ideology). Inferior in all the other instruments of statecraft except gold, the West had to rely on military power to resist and deter, but in that too it was inferior in all respects except one. At no time could the strength of the Soviet army be matched, nor was the tactical-air advantage of the West ever large enough to overcome the huge mass of Soviet anti-aircraft weapons; even at sea, a vastly greater Western tonnage and carrier airpower provided no secure advantage over the world's largest submarine fleet.

That left only nuclear weapons and strategic defenses. True, a new nuclear weapon would gain only a temporary advantage; true, the advantage would be of vague import, not readily translatable in "usable options." As for ABM, and later SDI, it could easily be shown by the usual MIT anti-weaponeers that it was impossible to build an impenetrable astrodome over America. And yet the nuclear competition was still by far our best horse in the race in the entire military arena, and so it behooved us to employ every artifice and ingenuity to make the most of it, even with weapons imperfect, and "use-scenarios" of dubious plausibility. Only that could compensate for the imbalance between Soviet seriousness and Western fecklessness in so many aspects of the overall power competition.

The man who missed the point has now given us his own history of the nuclear-weapon era, so far. It is not useless, far from it: all the factual matter is quite reliable and sufficiently comprehensive, the occasional revelations from White House days can be instructive, and so can the author's judicious comments on all manner of detailed and peripheral questions. It is only on the central question of the central subject that the author fails. □

Edward N. Luttwak is the author of The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire, The Pentagon and the Art of War, *and* Strategy: The Logic of War and Peace.

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DIMINISHING FICTIONS: ESSAYS ON THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL AND ITS CRITICS

Bruce Bawer/Graywolf Press (St. Paul, MN)/331 pp. $18.50

George McCartney

Irving Howe recently complained in the *New Republic* that literary criticism in America has become so professionalized that it no longer bothers to address the intelligent common reader. Its practitioners now join university English departments where they write for one another in a vocabulary that seems expressly designed to bar the laity from the circle of initiates. Fortunately, there are exceptions to Howe's sour generalization, Bruce Bawer being one of the more refreshing.

Bawer is a critic who abhors the gnostic mentality. He believes criticism has social consequences that make it too important to be placed beyond the reach of the general audience. As those who follow his film column in this publication know, he writes for Howe's intelligent common reader and does so with an uncommon disregard for fashion. While other critics approach their task armed with the latest theories and ideologies, Bawer checks his preconceptions and politics at the door, the better to judge the work before him on its aesthetic merits alone.

In *Diminishing Fictions: Essays on the Modern American Novel and its Critics*, Bawer has collected twenty-nine of his recent reviews and essays. Despite their diversity, each in its way addresses the theme announced in the book's epigraph taken from Robert Frost's poem, "The Oven Bird": "The question . . . is what to make of a diminished thing." Fiction, and literature more generally, Bawer argues, has become a diminished thing in today's America.

Implicit in Bawer's criticism is the classicist's insistence that while fiction should have the freedom to roam where it will, it shouldn't abandon its original mission entirely. From its Latin root, fiction means to shape, to mold. We hunger for narratives because they mold the amorphous, aimless stuff of our immediate experience, giving us a glimpse of an intelligible pattern beneath the surface confusion of our lives.

At least that's what narratives did until our eerily sophisticated century. Now fashionable writers think it naive to suggest there is any pattern to experience whatsoever. They're content, as Bawer puts it, to render life as "a teleological puzzle," shrugging their shoulders at the futility of it all. Such writers, Bawer concludes, have shirked their "obligation to create, to order, and thereby to serve not merely personal and superficial truths but universal ones." All too many "serious" authors have retreated from fiction's classic offices into its various antechambers: non-fiction novels, self-exploration, metafiction, and minimalism. As a result, they're turning out diminishing fictions.

Despairing of their trade's significance, novelists such as Norman Mailer and E. L. Doctorow have attempted to invest their works with relevance by grafting fact to fancy, creating that curious hybrid, the non-fiction novel. But in doing so, Bawer finds they've only succeeded in producing instant period pieces and self-destructing travesties. Who would disagree? *Armies of the Night* may have been entertaining then, but who reads it now? As for Doctorow's tendentious reworking of the Rosenberg spy case, *The Book of Daniel*, you'd have to be a heartless ideologue not to laugh while turning its pages.

Bawer admires the craft of Salinger and Roth, but finds their narcissistic self-explorations claustrophobic. They bring their enormous talents to bear on ephemeral matters not to discover how they relate to permanent human issues but merely to celebrate themselves. There's no genuine attempt to bring the larger world into focus.

Unlike many commentators, Bawer remains unimpressed by writers such as John Barth, William Gaddis, and John Hawkes, who have been perpetrating something called metafiction. Their work is a stillborn imitation of the modernist masters, galvanized into a sort of Frankensteinian life-in-death existence by professors on the prowl for difficult texts to justify their role as interpreters. Bawer correctly blames this situation on the "postwar academic institutionalization of literature." Metafiction, he explains, "has less to do with making sense of the world . . . than with glossological gameplaying." As such, it appeals to self-important pedants. *Giles Goatboy* and *Gravity's Rainbow* are books designed for the classroom. They exist not to be enjoyed but decoded. To prove his case, Bawer quotes Professor Frederick R. Karl's ruminations in *American Fictions 1940-1980: A Comprehensive History and Critical Evaluation*. Karl hails William Gaddis's novel *JR* as an "inaccessible triumph," a book so "obsessive . . . that the reader is forgotten" and left to struggle for "some thread of argument" that might give it coherence. He moons over Hawkes's "resistance to clarity" as though unintelligibility were art's *sine qua non*. This is the kind of academic, Bawer observes, who "confuses pretentiousness with profundity" and takes it as axiomatic that the importance of a literary work is in direct proportion to its ability to "puzzle the bejesus" out of us.

Bawer is also disturbed by younger writers such as Meg Wolitzer, David Leavitt, and Susan Minot, who have embraced a sort of literary minimalism. They've formed a school following the lead of Raymond Carver and Anne Beattie, which Bawer dubs the "literary brat pack." (Readers of Alex Heard's "Literary Brat Pack II" in last month's issue may not have known that the term is a Bawer original.) Admission is granted only to those who agree to write in the pack's approved mode, an "aggressively flat, affectless, detail happy manner." This has given rise to a species of fiction in which "the prime criterion of excellence . . . seems to be a sort of mindless, impersonal monotonousness." Typically, their stories take place against the tacky clutter of America's popular culture. The problem, Bawer concludes, is that "the set decorations—the bags of groceries, the copies of *GQ* and *People* and *Vogue*, the BMWs and MTV and *Sound of Music* cast albums—tend . . . to overwhelm the frail narratives."

Bawer concedes, correctly I think, that when Carver and Beattie first began using this strategy, it was often quite effective. Their patented accumulation of seemingly irrelevant detail vividly renders the chaotic, lost lives led by people so lacking in personal force and cultural roots that their possessions display more vitality than they do. The trouble is that this literary conceit all too easily devolves into a mannered cliché. Bawer demonstrates by quoting eight passages from as many contemporary writers. In each a fashionably illustrated T-shirt does the work of characterization. A man in one story wears a T-shirt emblazoned with "an anatomical drawing of a heart, the separate chambers carefully labeled," another wears one displaying a New York City subway map, a third uses his chest to announce that "The Only Safe Fast Breeder is a Rabbit," and so on. It's true that artistic movements can provide security and support for fledgling writers and, as Bawer points out, it's especially comforting to belong to a mutual-admiration society whose members have publishing access to the *New York Times Book Review*. The danger, however, is that such membership frequently encourages a peculiarly sorry mix of mindless self-importance and banal groupthink. Bawer relates a revealing anecdote on this score. It seems the literary brat packers were out for a drive in Long Island's fashionable Hamptons a few summers ago when Meg Wolitzer wondered out loud, without benefit of irony, "what it might mean to the future of American fiction if they crashed."

The writers Bawer admires—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Peter Taylor, Wendell Berry, Tom Wolfe—are those who have struggled with varying degrees of success to do the business of fiction—to rescue the particular instance from its apparent futility, finding in it the revelation of a larger pattern of human experience and aspiration. He shows how it's done by a master in a fine essay on *The Great Gatsby*. Taking a fresh sounding on this staple of American letters, he reveals how Fitzgerald wove references to music into his narrative that seem at first no more than incidental but prove on closer inspection to have been carefully deployed to deepen the novel's thematic resonance.

Bawer begins his book with a quote from Robert Frost. He might well have concluded with another. In "A Considerable Speck," Frost presents us with a writer who decides not to squash a mite he's just noticed scurrying across the page upon which he's been composing. "Plainly with an intelligence I dealt," he reports. Reprieving the creature from execution by pen point, he continues, "no one can know how glad I am to find/On any sheet the least display of mind."

That there's so little evidence of mind on today's published page is the burden of Bawer's timely observations. □

George McCartney, the author of Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition, *teaches at St. John's University.*

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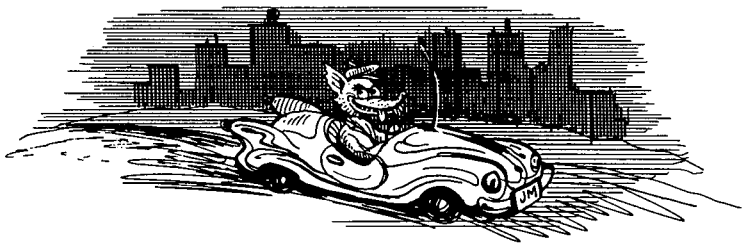

THE BIG DONUT

by Rick Marin

When Americans visit Toronto they can't help noticing how darn nice the place is. It's so . . . *clean.* Hollywood movie crews import their own garbage to make Toronto streets look more like the good old USA. And if they leave the rubbish unguarded, the city sweeps it up. Toronto the Good, it used to be called. A church on every corner, or else a 24-hour donut shop. A town whose most cosmopolitan concern used to be what those "goldarn" Maple Leafs were up to Saturday night. No more. As the MacKenzie Brothers might say, "Get out, eh!" Toronto—population three million, vortex of the Great White North—doesn't want to be Good anymore. It wants to be hip, big, *bad.* It wants to be New York.

Every time I make the pilgrimage back to my once-humble hometown it strikes me how desperate this New York Envy has become. My most recent nocturnal excursion there landed me in the company of my friend the entertainment lawyer (the ultimate New York Envy job). He had one of his customary blond love-slaves in tow, the kind who normally won't give me the time of night—until she finds out where I live.

"The States! Oh, wow!" says she. Suddenly, I'm getting her *full* attention, eyes wide and flashing "Green Card" like Fred Flintstone's ringing up dollar signs.

"How do you like Toronto?"

Fine.

"Oh sure," she says, with a dollop of knowing sarcasm. "You live in *the States.*"

It didn't matter that my address was Washington, D.C., not NYC. It was close enough. All of which might have been remotely flattering, libido-wise, except for one thing: she gave my wife exactly the same treatment.

Like my friend's green-eyed companion, Toronto feels its inadequacy most sorely by night. Last call is at 1:00 a.m. All alcoholic beverages must be off the table by 1:30. At this point the "cool" people begin rooting out their only recourse: the elusive after-hours bar. One night I wound up at a back-alley Jamaican Rasta joint, where to get a real drink a secret code was required. Ask for a "Brooklyn" and the bartender would serve up a rum-and-Coke. Speak the word "Manhattan" and out would come a glass of murky yellow liquid, allegedly "fruit juice," spiked with some vile grain alcohol. It bore no relation to the conventional Manhattan highball. A pattern emerged: the code words were all New York boroughs.

Very cool.

Gotham Envy dates back to the late 1960s, when Toronto (pronounced *Trawna* by the natives) latched onto the counterculture movement and created a groovy simulacrum of Greenwich Village called Yorkville, now an elite shopping district. As a full-blown collective neurosis, however, the phenomenon didn't take hold until the early 1980s. Political and economic circumstances combined with the decade's contagion of material greed: red Pierre Trudeau was out, quasi-Reaganite Brian Mulroney was in. Almost overnight, Toronto became "T.O." Business boomed. Buildings got taller. Women kissed each other on the street. Men kissed each other on the lips. Suddenly, the city was swimming in cappuccino.

It's still that way. With more and more American movies and TV shows shot there all the time, Toronto has taken to calling itself "the Hollywood of the north." This is a variation on "the Harvard of the north," which the 50,000-student University of Toronto has been calling itself for years. "The Big Apple of the north" is of course the ideal formulation. But in an interesting new Euro-twist, a *Toronto Star* article forecasting the city as the site for Expo 2000—the world's fair of the next millennium—introduced "Venice of the north" to the popular vocabulary. Break out the gondolas!

Okay, in some ways Toronto *is* a cosmopolitan burg. It has a film festival invariably described as "world-class," an abundance of trendy restaurants, a sprawling Chinatown, money, the world's tallest freestanding structure (the CN Tower—a Freudian monument if ever there was one), a working subway system, elegant neighborhoods, good schools, a brand-new domed stadium, Major League baseball. . . . But in dozens of typically Canadian ways the city isn't quite the flash cosmotown it thinks it is. (See aforementioned bar-closing time and donut obsession.)

South of the border Canada is revered as a beer drinker's paradise: a virgin wilderness where off-duty lumberjacks and their spirited womenfolk sit around campfires, frying thick wedges of bacon and quaffing ice-cold bottles of Molson. The reality is more prosaic. Citizens of Toronto are forced to procure their brew from a monopoly of official outlets owned by the Province of Ontario. Which is fine if you don't mind traveling several blocks—or miles—in search of a cinder-block bunker to be served state-licensed six-packs by a tattooed guy named Brian. In *cosmopolitan* cities, don't people just go to the corner store?

Another casualty of Canadianism is the *Toronto Sun.* The *Sun* is a tabloid. Its front-page headlines scream in jumbo sensationalese, it has a bikini-clad "Sunshine Girl" on page 3 seven days a week, its politics are rabidly right wing. And yet try as it might the *Sun* won't ever be a full-blooded tab because there's no crime in Toronto.

Well, almost none. The big thing when I was last there was a gang of suburban skinheads surrounding people at the Eaton Center (downtown's mall mecca) and asking victims for their leather jackets. *Yikes.* Look out! Occasionally, an old lady gets mugged, falls down, and scrapes her knee.

A non-Toronto but quintessential *Sun* event transpired in April when two Lebanese "terrorists" hijacked a Canadian bus en route to Plattsburgh, New York, and commandeered it to Parliament Hill in Ottawa. Having reached the nation's capital, the outlaw Greyhound got stuck in the mud, the Lebanese surrendered, and no one was hurt. The *Sun*'s headline: "HIJACK TERROR."

The Sunday *Sun* magazine's gossip/society page is also telling. It pairs two columns, one from New York's high life, the other Toronto's. The New York column boasts such bold-print "rich 'n' glam" beautiful people as Carrie Fisher, Teri Garr, Blaine Trump, and Oscar de la Renta. Below it: the Toronto party report, filled with names like Mel Lastman, Dr. Dimitrios Oreopoulous, Tobie Bekhor (with husband Ted), and Hy Isenbaum. Which crowd would you rather sip Manhattans with?

In its earliest days as a British colonial fort, Toronto was called York, Muddy York because the streets were paved with mire. As the fledgling financial capital grew it became known as "hogtown" because it sucked up the resources of the rest of the country and gave nothing back—also because swine had free run of the place. Even now, it's still overcompensating for the mud and hogs. Not content to be North America's most livable—most pleasantly *un*-American—city, it prays for the day when some U.S. metropolis will want to call itself "the Toronto of the south." But as Al Capone once said, "I don't even know what street Canada is on." Tragically for T.O., most Yanks would likely say the same of the Big Donut today, aware only that it is a city—a very clean city—somewhere north of New York. □

Rick Marin, an expatriate Torontonian, is television critic for the Washington Times.

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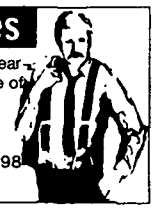

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS ARE MAKING A LOT OF MONEY for people in government, industry, media and protest groups but not for this protestor. Maybe I should change my act. Over the phone a lady requested money for one of the left or right forces in Central America. I told her the killings would continue on in Central America and everywhere else until we come up with winners. "What's that?" she asked. I explained that for every fallen defender there should be some side chance-selected winning (go home) defender. Otherwise, war is ordered suicide and leads to world suicide. She got the picture but replied that the Salvadorans need the money right now (probably gets her a commission). I also said that half of those casualties in body bags should be women and she replied "no comment." Send SASE to War-Ending (99%) 50/50 (Men, Women) Losers, Winners (Chance-Selected) War-Waging Strategy or simply WINNERS, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

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CURRENT WISDOM

Time

In far away Ghana a legendary American statesman finally finds himself:

Not all the villages Carter visited were completely satisfied with his help. In one, following the usual dancing and singing, the chief rose to speak. "You arrived last year from out of the blue," he said to Carter, "and you gave us a well and a pump." The village appreciated that. But there was this one small problem. Because the well is only 40 ft. deep, it goes dry three months out of the year. "We know that you, Mr. President," said the chief, "will not be happy with a half-measure solution to our problem." On the spot, Carter convened a meeting with his advisers and promptly announced that the well would be drilled to 70 ft. The chief smiled. The villagers cheered.

[September 11, 1989]

New York Times

The unoriginal mind of Anthony Lewis turns out this year's first version of the standardized "Mencken! Thou should'st etc." plaint:

Mencken! Thou should'st be living at this hour. (With apologies to W. Wordsworth.)

Through the 1920s and '30s H. L. Mencken savaged the follies of American life. His special targets were the narrow minds, the intolerant certainties of what he called "the booboisie." . . . He reveled scornfully in the trial of John Scopes for teaching evolution, describing the onlookers—who believed that God literally created the world in six days—as "gaping primates."

Mencken is out of fashion now. His style of verbal assault seems slightly embarrassing in today's journalism which is so self-consciously (some would say self-importantly) concerned with "balance." Besides, we thought the country had outgrown the primitivism that Mencken deplored.

This summer's congressional follies over the National Endowment for the Arts have shown how wrong we were: wrong in estimating the primitive strain in our society, wrong in regarding Mencken as an anachronism. We need him more than ever.

[August 10, 1989]

Mirabella

Years after the sexual renovation of Jan Morris, Miss Morris lovingly recalls her sexual life in a cocoon:

As to sex, the original pleasure, I cannot recommend too highly the advantages of androgyny.

At the time in the middle of my life when I was passing from one gender to another, I was difficult to identify either as male or female. I might have been one or the other, or both, or neither. I knew it was only a temporary condition, and while it led to embarrassments now and then, it was often undeniably amusing. At a time of sexual indeterminacy, I found myself sexually entertained as never before or since, because I discovered that both men and women, far from being repelled by my equivocal state, were intrigued and even attracted by it.

[August 1989]

Cat Fancy

Into the purring pages of a right-of-center cat-owners' review, the screech of social conscience is heard:

I was surprised to read in the June 1989 "Editor's Notebook" about the discrepancy in adoption fees charged for female and male animals at the Pittsfield SPCA. . . . This policy of charging different fees reflects our society's chauvinistic assumption that it is a woman's own fault for getting pregnant. Regardless.

[September 1989]

Diplomatic World Bulletin

A note on progress:

The shape of things to come, according to U.N. Development Program boss William H. Draper 3d in remarks to the agency's governing council: By the year 2000, there will be over a billion illiterates, nearly 750 million without enough to eat, 1.2 billion without safe drinking water, 17 sprawling cities with populations each of more than 10 million, 700 million unemployed, 2 billion people without adequate fuel to cook food and heat homes. All this, said Draper, "unless we act creatively and rapidly."

[July 3-10, 1989]

Washington Post

Esoteric Americana from the People's Republic of Oakland, upon the death of Mr. Huey P. Newton, Ph.D., from three bullets to the head received whilst shaking down the well-armed Mr. Tyrone "Double R" Robinson:

By the time he died, Newton had an extraordinarily complicated reputation. During the last 25 years, he was known, sometimes simultaneously, as an intellectual, community organizer, visionary, bully, police target, family man, cocaine addict, academic with a doctorate from the University of California at Santa Cruz and gun-wielding thug frequently embroiled with Oakland police.

Speaker after speaker today derided prosecutors and news reports that used the word "gangster" in describing Newton's life. When Cecila Arrington, director of Black Studies at Merritt College, spoke, she directed her angriest line at the Alameda County assistant district attorney who headed most of the Newton prosecutions over the last 12 years.

"You tell Tom Orloff that, for all the years he went to school, he failed to understand the meaning of the word 'gangster,' " Arrington shouted, to a standing ovation inside the main church hall.

"You tell them that Dr. Newton was an organizer against poverty. . . . I would not be teaching black studies at Merritt College today if it were not for the efforts of Dr. Newton and the Black Panther party. They wanted the people of this city to know that blacks were first in history and had a history to be proud of. And when I first saw the enthusiasm that exuded from Huey Newton I was at Castlemont High School and I said, 'I got to get ready.' "

[August 28, 1989]

Running Times

Four months after a gang of semi-humans assault a Central Park jogger, the editor of this illustrious New Age review reveals the benefits of his exposure to the departments of economics and sociology at Harvard University:

It may be an oversimplification, but I'll bet that if top soccer players, cross country runners, rock climbers, gymnasts, cyclists, kayakers, etc., were given as much media attention as Wade Boggs or Magic Johnson, *and* if companies like Miller Brewing primed the media pump with advertising support for *that* media coverage, which would in turn pay for more facilities and coaching, *and* if investment firms like Salomon Brothers (employers of the Central Park victim) earmarked a portion of their investments for sponsors willing to make that advertising commitment as a way of repaying the country that let them get as rich as they are, a lot more Harlem kids would get their adolescent bonding on sports fields instead of mugging runners in Central Park. Will it happen? I doubt it.

[August 1989]

Observer Magazine

Professor Simon Hoggart sends up the standard sempiternal tribute that all progressive writers reserve for a late-1970s President they in fact cannot bear:

It's hard for foreigners to realize how much and how many Americans despised Jimmy Carter. They loathed him far more than his failures in the White House might explain. He was a touchstone of awfulness. Even liberals used to say, "Reagan is so dreadful, he's almost as bad as Carter." And who can forget the giant killer rabbit, which attacked him on a fishing trip?

Now Carter is bounding back. People contrast him with Reagan, who now rolls around in money like a hog in slop. Living in Bel Air, a fabulously wealthy Los Angeles suburb. . . . By contrast, Carter has been working on projects to house the homeless, against disease and for agricultural development. When he left office, Reagan vanished, except when each get-richer-quicker scheme came to light. Jimmy Carter took a bus to New York where he spent his week helping to restore a wrecked building to house 19 homeless families.

[July 11, 1989]

New Republic

A four-star consumer's report on a popular narcotic in the pages of the morally superior *New Republic*:

As you smoke your second rock, it may strike you that the crack high combines the best aspects of marijuana and cocaine. The pleasure of pot is not just a high, but a buzz; smoke a joint and space out. Cocaine, in contrast, is a clear high, a stimulant to sociality; do a line and get into some serious play or some pleasurable work. Crack is both spacey and intense. It has the head rush of marijuana or amyl nitrate with the clarity induced by a noseful of powder cocaine.

[October 2, 1989]

Stanford Weekly

Miss Lyzette Settle, a Stanford senior and "Opinions" editor of the illustrious collegiate weekly, demonstrates why it is very imprudent to sell beer to her at the ballpark immediately after the national anthem has been sung:

When I stand for the national anthem, I do not stand to praise America nor do I stand out of a great sense of patriotism or nationalism. I stand as a sign of respect to all my ancestors who were disgraced, slaughtered like animals and used to make this country what it is today.

I think about the slaves who were taken from their native Africa and its rich culture. As if this was not cruel and inhuman enough, my ancestors were made to be property whose lives meant little more than that of a dog. . . .

As I stand, I remember my Native American ancestors. I try to visualize what it was like to be herded, akin to cattle, onto small parcels of land and away from homelands. I try to picture the horror of Wounded Knee. I think of the genocide.

A people who numbered more than 10 million rejoice now because they are one million in number today. This nation which condemned Hitler and Nazi Germany for its treachery and murder. . . .

Finally, I think about my Japanese ancestors. I try to picture my grandfather, who was half Japanese and half black. Upon his return from fighting in World War II he became an alcoholic and later died a lonely death 10 years before I was born. . . .

Though I become sad and angered when I think of these things, I will stand when I hear the national anthem. I will stand and think of the dark and dismal past of this nation. I will also think about how I can make the future a brighter one for those who will come after me.

[July 20, 1989]

Sydney Morning Herald

What happens when a 1960s kid confronts four men of the cloth down under:

Don't worry, be happy—we're all on a winner called capitalism.

Little problems such as the greenhouse effect and human poverty should not get us down. Capitalism has the answer for these hiccups in the system and much, much more.

This was the message delivered in Sydney yesterday by four of the world's high priests of capitalism here to extoll the "triumph of democratic capitalism" in a series of conferences beginning at the Hilton Hotel tomorrow.

But the greatest message of joy from the right-wing columnist Bernard Levin, historian and journalist Paul Johnson from Britain (a country with about 2.3 million people unemployed), scholar and columnist Michael Novak and columnist and author Robert E. Tyrrell, Jr. from the United States (where about two million citizens are homeless) is that capitalism has won the economic war over socialism and communism.

[July 10, 1989]

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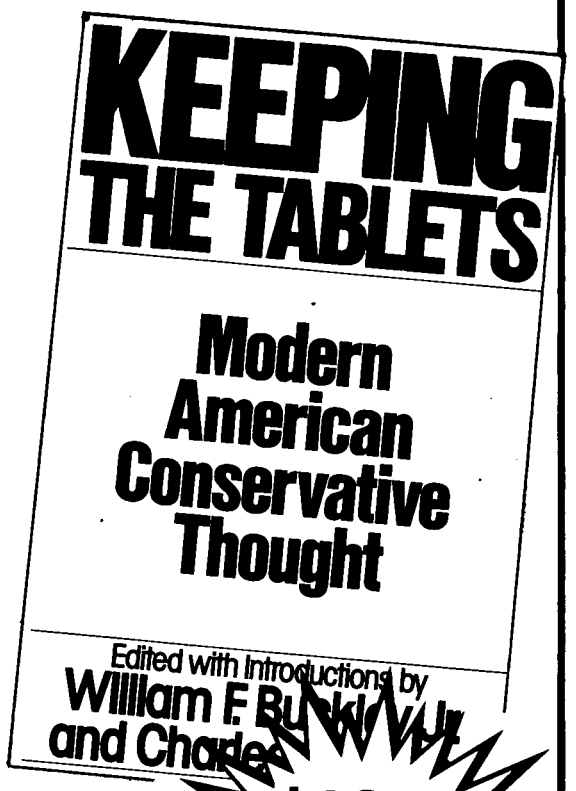

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